The Nation.
August 18, 1979 $1

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EDITORIAL

PROGRESSIVE SECRECY

We have been reading the eighty-three page legal brief filed in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit on behalf of the editors of *The Progressive* and Howard Morland asking that court to lift the injunction that bars the publication of Morland's article about the hydrogen bomb secret. The reading was rather choppy because the copy we were allowed to see has thirty-two blank spaces. These blank spaces represent portions that the Government has required the American Civil Liberties Union, legal counsel for *The Progressive*, to delete from copies circulated to anyone who hasn't been given Government clearance.

We hope the lawyers who wrote this brief will take no offense when we say that those blank spaces are the most eloquent portions of the brief. Judging from context, only one or two of the blank spaces refer directly to Morland's article. The rest refer to publicly circulated documents which reveal the same information that Morland's article would disclose. By forcing deletion of references to these materials, the Government is implicitly acknowledging the truth of a principal contention of *The Progressive* and Morland: that the real secret of the hydrogen bomb is that there is no secret.

As this case proceeds, the purposes served by maintaining the illusion of secrecy are becoming increasingly clear. It permits the Government to continue to monopolize public discussion on nuclear weapons policy and it provides a continuing rationale for the maintenance of covert operations designed to protect the secret. We are coming around to the view that shattering the myth of secrecy may be as important a consequence of this case, if *The Progressive* should prevail, as preserving freedom of the press.

SELLING APARTHEID
Aryeh Neier

WARMONGERING CHIC
Robert Sherrill

FREE LOLITA LEBRON
Anne Nelson

MARCUSE
Marshall Berman

ON MANHOOD
Leonard Kriegel

KISSINGER'S CAMBODIA
Alan Wolfe

SLIPPERY ANTITRUST CASE

THE PAD V CONSPIRACY

JAMES GANNON

Motorists who have suffered through the long gasoline lines of the 1970s can be forgiven a wistful look back to the 1950s and 1960s when gas was cheap and plentiful. It might have been even cheaper in the earlier days and more plentiful in this decade were it not for the manipulations of the oil companies.

That is the substance of an antitrust suit being quietly pursued by the attorneys general of California and five other states, in which they charge ten oil companies—Standard of California (Socal), Texaco, Union, Atlantic Richfield (Arco), Exxon, Getty, Gulf, Mobil, Phillips and Shell—with conspiracy to control the retail gasoline market.

The suit was initiated after it was learned that the gas shortage of 1973-74 originated in 1972—before the Arab oil boycott, which is usually blamed for the shortage. Last May a Federal District Court in Los Angeles released previously sealed information that traces price fixing and restraint of trade by the oil companies back more than a quarter of a century and highlights the hidden contribution of the oil companies to the product shortage of the 1970s.

"Control" is the operating concept. The indictment is a story of how the oil companies used their oligopolistic power to raise their own profits at the expense of the consuming public. The scope of the case brought by the states of California, Washington, Oregon and Arizona is limited to the Far West (PAD V in industry jargon—for Petroleum Allocation for Defense District Five), which they consider to be a market geographically separate from the rest of the country. But two Eastern states, Connecti-

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LETTERS.

WHITE PAWN

New York City

The decision of the recent assembly of the Organization of African Unity to recognize the Patriotic Front as "the sole, legitimate and authentic representative of the people of Zimbabwe" reflected the African consensus that Prime Minister Muzorewa's homeland is still effectively dominated by its tiny European minority. In view of that reality may we not say that the black Bishop is in fact a white pawn?

Lloyd L. Brown

PARTISAN PANEGYRIC

Franklin Square, N.Y.

After reading Frederick Sontag's criticism of "Religion and the Rise of the Rev. Moon" by Irving Horowitz [Letters, *The Nation*, July 7], I feel that, to the contrary, a vote of appreciation for Professor Horowitz is called for. Sontag has missed the point of Horowitz's essay, or perhaps he welcomed the excuse for a partisan panegyric of the Unification Church. Sontag finds it "hard to tell what [Horowitz] is saying." The essay, for once, takes the broad view of a problem rather than limiting itself to the usual ax-grinding for the further splitting of ideological splinters. Specifics about the Unification Church are used as a vehicle, but the thrust of Horowitz's philosophy is made clear repeatedly; to cite only one quotation: "the anomaly in the current cultural condition of America is an increased demand for certainty in all aspects of our existence while both the need for flexibility and the fact of fragmentation become greater."

Sontag complains that he cannot tell what Horowitz suggests should be done; he asks for a "specific proposal." He cannot fathom that Horowitz "specifically" points out that there are no single simplistic answers to a very complex situation, the complexity of which we must learn to appreciate and to understand—thanks to people such as Horowitz—before we can formulate answers.

Departing from Horowitz, here is a specific proposal for Sontag: eliminate all tax exemptions from the assets and income of religious organizations. . . . Let's take the business out of religion, leaving devotion to the truly devoted. And let's not hide behind the Founding Fathers. While another essay would be needed to respond to that claim by Sontag, these men were essentially Christian. They did not want any of the Protestant denominations to become the official religion—but they could hardly have envisioned the present proliferation of business organized under the umbrella of religion. Very likely, while favoring tolerance, they were opposed to subterfuge.

Hans W.A. Gunzenhauser

CABLE TV REBUTTAL

Maplewood, N.J.

It's a shame I finally write a letter to you in criticism of an article, "Mining the Golden Spectrum" [Desmond Smith, *The Nation*, May 26], when I wouldn't be without your magazine.

Putting our biases on the table, I am an engineer in the cable TV industry, while Mr. Smith has been working in the TV broadcast industry for upwards of fifteen years.

Mr. Smith beats cable TV over the head, in a pattern we in cable have long experienced from our broadcast brethren, for a crime not yet committed, namely that *if* deregulated by the *proposed* new edition of the Communications Act, cable TV would not produce the "remarkable" news that broadcast TV has produced. Apart from the fact that satellite technology developments have already at least partially undercut this future crime with the announcement that a twenty-four-hour news station would be established, the efforts of all the Mudds and Rudds appear, to this observer, to be noteworthy for their superficiality, despite the $100 million expenditure—such costs making the results spectacularly trivial. . . .

Another cudgel which Mr. Smith takes up to beat over everybody's head is that of commercialism, although he twice mentions cable's "commercial-free" programs, broadcast TV's monumental profits due to *its* plethora of commercials and the fact that cable merely repeats broadcast's ads. It is difficult to see how broadcast TV can become *more* commercial even with the "public interest" deleted. A good argument can be made that with increased competition from cable TV, broadcast TV will reduce its commercialism. . . .

While Mr. Smith reports on new cable technology, he fails to examine what that has produced—true teacher-student interactive education, citizen participation in TV production, true local official-viewer interaction and vastly expanded educational programming in consumer cable TV and school cable TV networks.

Donald Dworkin

BAEZ-BIAS

San Francisco

Ironic, tragic, preposterous, farcical? How to describe your righteous—and correct—criticism of *The New Republic* ["Judgment Day"] on page 5, when on page 3 of the same issue of *The Nation* [July 7] your lead editorial by John S. Rosenberg ["The Boat People"] indulges in the same kind of "Iron Curtain" screen which equally fails to hide the cold-war intent. Permit me to quote: "American intervention did set in motion many of the destructive forces at work today, and the United States is hardly an innocent bystander. . . ." And earlier: "Across the political spectrum . . . [from] Joan Baez . . . [to] *The New York Times*'s Anthony Lewis . . . [to] *The Asian Wall Street Journal*. . . ." Is that representative of *The Nation*'s "political spectrum"? Why no mention of the advertisement which replied to Baez? Nonpersons? Before criticizing others, shouldn't you make sure your own house is in order? A week later in your introduction to Letters [*The Nation*, July 14-21], you defend Aryeh Neier's argument ["The Baez Letter," *The Nation*, June 23] that "proof that Vietnam tortures its citizens may be lacking, but so is the proof of the falsity of the statements [by Vietnamese exiles] on which Joan Baez relied. . . ." What kind of argument is that? How "*New Republic*-y" can you get? Like William Buckley who also praised her, I'm afraid you've let your Baez-bias show.

Lester Cole

New York City

To make sure my point is not lost, I repeat it. I respect the views of those who criticize the Baez statement solely on the ground that the allegations of torture cannot be verified but not those who dismiss the allegations as lies. The latter take on faith the word of a Government that is known to confine tens of thousands of political prisoners and refuses to allow impartial investigations of the charges of torture.

Aryeh Neier

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Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish

Advertising Manager, Melinda Miller; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Circulation Manager,* Gloria Sangster; *Production Coordinator,* Deborah Thomas; *Assistant to Publisher,* Karen Polk; *Classified,* Lindsey Weinraub; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Joanne Grant.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1979 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $25; two years, $45; six months, $14. Student rate $17 a year. Add $5 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give zip code numbers for both addresses.

EDITORIALS.

Welcome to Stagflation

Once again a recession has been officially proclaimed. Once again it is welcomed by establishment notables as an antidote to union wage demands and as a panacea—what else do they have?—for double-digit inflation.

And once again, as in 1974-75, the general price level rises sharply, with wages trailing far behind. Thus the United States has now moved fully into the second big round of that two-misery mixture, stagnation and inflation, known under the new name "stagflation."

Naming the beast is easier than explaining it. Most establishment economists throw up their hands in despair, complaining that according to theory, prices are *supposed* to fall or stabilize during recession. Others continue mumbling mumbo jumbo about inflation resulting from wage pushes, low productivity, government regulation, Federal deficits and excessive demand. But on the new combination of inflation with recession, they preserve a calculated silence. Some blame everything on OPEC, overlooking the Western oil cartel's partnership in joint West-OPEC price rigging and the purely Western price rigging that OPEC has no part in and loudly complains about. President Carter and his economists have invented a new piece of nonsense in suggesting that the recession is "an energy spasm." In contrast, while waiting for Teddy, many progressives put the blame on the Carter Administration, as they did previously on Nixon and Ford. For full employment and reasonable price stability, they imply, all that's needed is a smarter crowd in the White

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House. In turn, many radicals hail the latest crisis of monopoly capitalism, but without doing much to suggest what might be done without first changing the system.

We are as fed up as anyone with the Carter crowd, the divided establishment in which it is embedded, and major aspects of the system as a whole. But we are also fed up with simplistic explanations of mysterious miseries. If ever there was a time for escaping the tiring formulas of present-day conservatism, liberalism and radicalism, this is it.

Once upon a time there was a simple contradiction to help explain the capitalist business cycle: *Accumulating capital by profit maximization undermines the purchasing power required for continued profitability.* A result: temporary depression and—who remembers?—falling prices. In today's capitalism this old contradiction is alive and well, but intertwined with a new one: *Making more money by pushing up prices reduces the value of the money made.*

Together, these two contradictions make up a double helix that helps determine the logic of modern capitalism. On one spiral there is declining purchasing power not only for consumers and employees but also for concentrated capital, as with the petrodollars piled up by the Western-OPEC duopoly. On another strand, the major banking oligarchs accelerate normal economic contraction by "anti-inflationary" inflation of their own prices, interest rates.

While these and other aspects of stagflation are enormously complex, two things are shockingly clear. The first is that the stagflationists of modern capitalism operate with new vigor and sophistication in accordance with what William Wordsworth called "The good old rule, the simple plan, /That they should take who have the power/And they should keep who can." The second is that the fury of those taken from is bound to increase at least as rapidly as prices, unemployment, nuclear radiation, oil spills and shortages of gasoline and heating oil. How this sense of outrage is expressed and whether it is focused destructively or constructively depends, we submit, not only on political coalitions, international conjunctures and luck but also on improved ability to diagnose new forms of old miseries.

BERTRAM M. GROSS

Bertram M. Gross, the major draftsman of the original versions of the full-employment bills of 1945 and 1974-75, has just completed Friendly Fascism, *to be published by M. Evans in the spring.*

Herbert Marcuse

The media obituaries for Herbert Marcuse brought out the old blowups of his head, enlarged to monstrous size, surrounded by montages of rioting students, blacks, fires, guns. Marcuse never sought out this role—the radical Dr. Svengali, who need only raise his heavily accented (read: un-American) voice to bring thousands of youthful fanatics into the streets—and didn't know how to handle it. As often as not, he would antagonize his young audiences, tell them things they didn't want to hear, rather than flatter their complacency. He was probably relieved to pass into the shadows in the 1970s; it gave him time and space to do what he wanted to do most, and knew how to do best: think.

It will be years before his work can be properly assessed. Much of his aura was a collective product: it was shared by a whole remarkable generation of German Jews—Hannah Arendt, Erik Erikson, Hans Morgenthau, Erwin Panofsky, Eric Mendelsohn and Walter Benjamin are just a few. This generation—born around the turn of the century, barely too young to be killed in World War I, educated in the Weimer Republic—fused in themselves a leisured, nineteenth-century cultivation and wholeness of spirit with a twentieth-century sense of historical trauma and crisis. Those who were lucky enough to find refuge in America inspired two generations of Americans with a vision of the nobility and urgency of the life of the mind; they communicated a feeling for the sweetness of life Then, before the Great War, and again before Hitler, along with a sense of the desperation of life Now. Marcuse's achievement must be judged against the achievements of his generation as a whole.

Marcuse also must be seen as one of those who attempted to synthesize Marx, Freud and existentialism. Sartre, Merleau-Ponty, Lukacs, Adorno, Paul Goodman, Lionel Trilling and Kolakowski wrestled with these angels (or demons) as intensely as Marcuse did; all emerged with works whose power was at once personal, political and philosophical. I suspect it will be a while before we have the historical and critical perspective to assess their projects.

Which of Marcuse's ideas will resonate a generation from now? Probably not the ones that got into the obituary columns: one-dimensional man, liberal totalitarianism, repressive tolerance. The trouble with these ideas is that they are not dialectical: they contain no sense of inner contradiction or latent possibility; they leave no room for dialogue, they lead nowhere. This limitation may, however, be one source of their appeal. The media and establishment spokesmen who excoriated Marcuse for such thoughts in the 1960s, and again recently, nevertheless seemed to find them perversely exciting. This is because Americans like being called names—"we are the hollow men," etc., etc. Many an author has capitalized, far more than Marcuse ever did, on this desire. (Note Christopher Lasch's recent rise to best-seller stardom.) Of course, if our inner needs and drives as well as our social institutions are totally administered and controlled, there is nothing we can do, and we bear no responsibility for our individual or collective lives. So we can indulge in orgies of self-abuse, and be in shape to return to "normal" next morning. Marcuse's most rigid ideas and attitudes feed this bad faith; hence they can be tolerated all too well, because they make no difference at all.

Marcuse's deepest and most original thought is supremely dialectical. In *Eros and Civilization* (1955), he finds radically subversive insights, affirmative and liberating potentialities, in some of Freud's darkest and apparently most pessimistic ideas—Oedipal desire and violence, the dynamics of the superego, even the death instinct—or in Schiller's idea

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on play and "aesthetic education," ideas that bourgeois humanism seemed to have swallowed up a century ago; or in the avant-garde insistence that art should ignore politics and society and exist "for art's sake" alone. Here, in his most exciting work as a whole, Marcuse shows how many hidden and marvelous dimensions our culture actually contains. This comes across with special vividness in his final book, *The Aesthetic Dimension*, published last year. This small masterpiece, perhaps the one beautiful thing Marcuse ever wrote, is a defense of inwardness, sensibility and emotions against those radicals who dismiss these values as "bourgeois" and seek to dissolve all personal consciousness in class struggle and politics. A radicalism that negates subjectivity, Marcuse argues, negates its own claim to liberate mankind. Here is the last paragraph of *The Aesthetic Dimension*:

> All reification is a forgetting. Art fights reification by making the petrified world speak, sing, perhaps dance . . . . remembrance spurs the drive for the conquest of suffering and the permanence of joy. But the force of remembrance is frustrated. Inexorably so? The horizon of history is still open. If the remembrance of things past were to become a motive power in the struggle for changing the world, the struggle would be waged for a revolution hitherto suppressed in the previous historical revolutions.

This is the note on which we should remember Marcuse, and remember to use the end of his thought and struggling as a fresh beginning for our own. MARSHALL BERMAN

Marshall Berman is the author of the forthcoming All That Is Solid Melts into Air: Studies in Modernism and Modernization.

Firestone's Mea Almost Culpa

A few weeks ago, in commenting on the conviction of the Lockheed Corporation for failure to report foreign bribes ("Profits of Crime," *The Nation*, June 30), we expressed wonder at the way in which corporations are used as fall guys to accept responsibility for the acts of those who run them. We also expressed wonder at the willingness of the Justice Department to participate in such fictions. Now comes the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, the nation's second-largest tire maker, confessing that it filed two false income tax returns. A total of $12.6 million was concealed. The grand jury also charged Firestone with conspiring to impede an Internal Revenue Service audit.

One wonders whom the Government believed Firestone conspired with, because no one else was charged. Apparently, the company simply filled out and filed its own tax returns. The Justice Department is going to accept a corporate *mea culpa* to the false filling charge and dismiss the conspiracy count.

The Firestone example confirms that there are two notions of criminal responsibility in the United States—one for people and one for people working for a corporation. It also demonstrates how a public relations person can protect a company's image—even after it has been charged with a $12.6 million evasion. Firestone says the company was pleading guilty because of the "technical nature of the two charges" and because fighting them would be "lengthy and costly. The Government in turn," says its statement, "has tentatively agreed to dismiss the conspiracy charge."

In turn? What clever phrasing! The implication is that the Government is giving Firestone something "in turn" because it accepts the accuracy of Firestone's reason for pleading guilty—the charges are "technical," the proceedings would be "lengthy and costly." No suggestion of wrongdoing here. Rather, the implication is that an indictment is merely the way the Government collects money when someone has made a careless error computing taxes. The Justice Department says nothing about a criminal tax charge not being technical at all—that the taxpayer stands accused of willfully and knowingly avoiding payment. And what is the maximum criminal penalty for the $12.6 million concealment? $10,000. Guaranteed to strike terror in the hearts of future malefactors.

Follow-up

Some months ago (March 31) Richard J. Walton demonstrated why things were going better for Coke: because Coca-Cola was so important to Jimmy Carter's campaign and because so many people with Coke connections (Kirbo, Bell, Califano, Vance, Duncan, Watson and, not least, Carter himself) were big in Washington.

Recent events require a brief update. The dismissal of Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano (former Coke lawyer/lobbyist) might be a setback, although not if he resumes his well-paid relationship with Coke.

What might appear to be another setback—the resignation of Attorney General Griffin Bell—is quite the contrary. He's returning to Coke's Atlanta law firm where he can resume helping Charles Kirbo make the world safe for Coca-Cola.

The promotion of former Coca-Cola president (and still $6 million shareholder) Charles W. Duncan from Deputy Secretary of Defense to Secretary of Energy can't do Coke any harm. Nor, come to think of it, is he likely to do the oil industry any harm considering he is a Texas financier with intimate ties to that state's power structure which seldom finds itself in an adversary relationship with big oil.

A final note: after a decade or more on Egypt's blacklist, Coca-Cola has been readmitted to that hot thirsty country. Maybe it's just coincidence that President Anwar el-Sadat and Jimmy Carter are pals, as it might have been sheer coincidence that Coke got the China franchise after Carter was elected. Try that notion on the folks at Pepsi-Cola who fondly remember an earlier political generation when their man, Richard Nixon, was in the White House.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Economists can't seem to come up with a model of the economy on which they can all agree and base an intelligent discussion of current economic problems. With economists the problem is theoretical; with business executives it is purely semantic or, one might say, tactical. Thus P. J. Wingate, a retired executive of the Du Pont empire, is frank enough to concede that while ninety-nine of 100 business executives will publicly—and solemnly—affirm their devotion to the free-enterprise model, privately ninety-eight of the ninety-nine will confess that they would like to be able to fix prices (*The Wall Street Journal*, May 21). And that is just what they constantly seek to do, not by formal agreements, which are illegal, but by a variety of devious practices. Not so long ago, for example, California's fair-trade law governing the sale of liquor and beer was declared unconstitutional. This should have delighted the liquor business: now "free competition" would prevail. But the consequences prove that it didn't. Today as much as 30 percent of the entire volume of liquor, beer and wine sales in the state are subject to illegal rebates, payoffs, kickbacks, etc., and a flourishing "under-the-table" market has developed. Free competition has not prevailed.

Nor is the liquor business the only business that, while purporting to favor deregulation, actually prefers "the right kind" of regulation or some form of price fixing. Bowing to complaints about "overregulation," Gov. Jerry Brown recently proposed that the public-record requirement for suburban subdivisions should be dropped. But the realtors did not applaud; on the contrary, strong objections were registered. On July 5 *The Wall Street Journal* reported that the American Trucking Associations are opposed to deregulation of the trucking industry. "They prefer continued I.C.C. regulation because it protects them from unbridled competition." In general, most American businesses tolerate regulation if it helps guard against "unbridled" competition (as though genuine competition isn't unbridled by definition), but deregulation is applauded if it suits the competitive needs of an industry.

The Janus-faced attitude of business toward regulation reflects an underlying desire to avoid competition, period. And today there are many ways to prevent or minimize unwanted competition of the kind that just might result in lower prices to consumers. In many consumer-product industries, the top three or four suppliers maintain by tacit agreement a fairly uniform price schedule, while making it extremely difficult for smaller firms to enter the market or to get space for their products on supermarket shelves. The dominant big suppliers simply flood the supermarkets with "new products," which often turn out to be only minor variations on existing products, differing mainly in form, packaging and advertised image. The cost of developing, promoting, marketing and delivering these "new brands" becomes part of the expense of doing business and is reflected in retail price levels. And the more competing "brands" or consumer products, the greater the volume of advertising we get. Spending for advertising jumped from $28.2 billion in 1975 to $43 billion in 1978. A. Kent MacDougall, who started his journalistic career by writing pieces for *The Nation* and is now on the staff of *The Los Angeles Times*, estimates that 70 percent of these "new" consumer products really aren't new at all. Forty-nine "new brands" of beer, many of them created by simply watering an existing brand, have been introduced. Indeed, "the battle of the brands" has given impetus to a backlash movement of "no brands" or "generic" products (*The Los Angeles Times*, May 27). Yet in the face of such practices, most corporate executives and a large section of the business press loyally adhere to the official ideology that ours is a free-enterprise competitive economy.

And there are other reasons to believe that the Adam Smith model of the economy has become distorted beyond recognition. The financial pages have been full of rumors that Volkswagenwerk A.G. is negotiating to buy control of Chrysler. The fact that the West German Government owns 40 percent of the stock of Volkswagen has presented a difficult obstacle. But is Chrysler in an entirely different category? Government agencies do not own Chrysler stock, but the company has some $700 million a year in nonautomotive sales, mostly to defense agencies, including hundreds of millions of dollars in contracts to build the newest XM Army tank. Nor is Chrysler an exception. *The Los Angeles Times* (June 17) reports that the role of the Federal Government in the auto industry has been steadily growing. In the space of fifteen years, *The Times* notes, the auto industry has been transformed from one of the most independent industries to one of the most Government-involved and regulated. Today, Detroit has become an adjunct of Washington. By the same token, the Government's involvement or stake in the industry has steadily increased.

Nor is there much prospect for decreased involvement. Indeed, as Robert Leone of Harvard University has pointed out, regulations are not the cause of restrictions on what in the past have been regarded as the prerogatives of management; rather they reflect fundamental changes in "the environment and in societal expectations" (*The Los Angeles Times*, June 17). One way of describing this changing relationship would be to say that government and business are, in a sense, fusing to constitute a new kind of entity, which is neither "private" nor "public," as these categories have been understood in the past, but a new form of joint enterprise.

Yet despite these changes, the chatter about free private enterprise continues unabated. When will some daring economist—perhaps an inheritor of the Thorstein Veblen tradition—liberate us from this tiresome rhetoric and project a new model of the economy that bears some resemblance to current realities? □

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ARTICLES.

AMERICA'S 'POLITICALS'

Lolita Lebron Would Rather Die in Prison

ANNE NELSON

The news photos from 1954 show a tiny woman with raven hair and eyes filled with contempt for her captors. Twenty-five years in the Federal Penitentiary have rounded her form and turned her hair stark white. She is a radiant woman, and both fellow prisoners and prison guards seem to seek her company. "They come and go," she smiles. "After twenty-five years I have become—let us say 'senior resident,' and I have met many, many excellent women."

On March 1, 1954, Lolita Lebron and three other Puerto Rican Nationalists fired on the floor of the House of Representatives. Five Congressmen were wounded, and the Puerto Ricans were charged with sedition, assault with a deadly weapon and assault with intent to kill. The three men were convicted of all three charges and sentenced to twenty-five to eighty-one years in prison. Lolita Lebron, the admitted organizer, was acquitted of assault with intent to kill and sentenced to sixteen to fifty-six years in prison. Last year Andrés Figueroa Cordero, diagnosed as having terminal cancer, was granted executive clemency. He died in Puerto Rico this spring. Lebron and the two men remain in prison.

The sentences represent five consecutive terms on each assault conviction—one for each wounded Congressman—which, for all practical purposes, is a longer-than-life sentence. Lebron was eligible for parole in 1970, after sixteen years of imprisonment, and the others were eligible this July, after twenty-five. The ordinary recipient of a life sentence comes up for parole after fifteen years.

But the question of parole is moot; to receive parole the prisoner must first request it, and this the Nationalists refuse to do. In the first place they do not recognize the sovereignty of the United States over Puerto Rico, and in the second place they deny the repentance implicit in a parole. The language ("I, the supplicant, respectfully pray . . .") and the necessary finding of rehabilitation presume a guilt they disown. And as prisoners of conscience who have served extraordinarily punitive minimum terms, they see no need to meet the conditions offered to civil criminals for lesser crimes. Amnesty International agrees, and has called for their unconditional release, as have the United Nations General Assembly, the National Council of Churches, the Governments of Venezuela and Mexico and several of the former Congressmen wounded in the original attack.

Most recently, the Nationalists have become news with word of a proposed prisoner swap for four U.S. citizens in Cuba. Larry Lunt and Everett Jackson were convicted of espionage in the mid-1960s, and Juan Tur, with dual U.S.-Cuban citizenship, was convicted of "counterrevolutionary activity" in 1963. Claudio Rodrigues Morales, ironically, is a native of Mayagüez, Puerto Rico, and was convicted of smuggling Cubans out of the country. The United States has called the four political prisoners and has repeatedly asked for their release. In 1975 Castro announced that he would free the four Americans, but only if Washington released the four Puerto Rican Nationalists. The negotiations for the exchange are being conducted through Congressional channels, however, with no aid from the Administration. Andrew Young aside, neither the White House nor the State Department is prepared to admit that the United States could have political prisoners of its own.

But to deny they are political prisoners seems a matter of semantics. It is therefore important to understand that the four Nationalists emerged out of an impassioned and tragic chapter of the Puerto Rican independence movement led by Don Pedro Albizu Campos. Their attack on Congress erupted only after a twenty-year period of heavy-handed U.S. rule had created a cycle of violence on the island. Protests and revolts were answered with Government reprisals. In the infamous "Ponce Massacre" of 1937, police opened fire on a parade of Albizu's Nationalist followers, killing nineteen and wounding 100. Precautionary arrests were frequent and sometimes quite arbitrary. On October 30, 1950, a revolt on the island was put down by Government forces assisted by planes and tanks. Thirty-one Puerto Ricans were killed, sixteen of them Nationalists. But official mainland history would record these numbers only as a footnote to what was to follow. On November 1, Oscar Collazo and Griselio Torresola attempted to assassinate President Truman. Torresola and a Presidential guard were killed. Collazo was tried and sentenced to die; Truman commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. (Collazo waived his plea for parole when he became eligible in 1966, and remains an inmate at Fort Leavenworth.)

This, then, was the historical context for the attack on Congress. Lolita Lebron, a devout Catholic and pacifist, aimed her fire directly at the Great Seal of the United States, injuring no one, and could not be convicted of assault with intent to kill. Her companions stated that they did not take aim, or shoot to kill; and indeed, the five injuries were the results of ricochets rather than direct hits. Had they meant to assassinate anyone, Lebron has pointed out, it would have been simpler to hurl a single grenade. Instead, they deliberately committed a sensational act calculated to shock the U.S. Government into awareness of the cause of Puerto Rican independence.

Collazo, Lebron and the other two prisoners from the assault on Congress who are still alive ask for nothing—but

Anne Nelson is an investigative reporter currently writing a book on Puerto Rico.

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they have made it clear that they will accept only unconditional release. According to the Justice Department, President Carter "is considering" executive clemency, as well he may: the Nationalists have served many times over the sentences ordinary prisoners convicted of similar assaults would receive, and the international pressure to free them is mounting. The only major obstacle comes from Puerto Rico's Gov. Carlos Romero Barcelo, who hopes to wind up his drive for Puerto Rican statehood in the next few years and probably fears that the presence of the freed Nationalists on the island would rekindle Nationalist fervor.

He is doubtless right. In Puerto Rico the prisoners are widely regarded as martyrs standing above parties and factions, who can serve as a rallying force for a badly splintered independence movement. When Andrés Figueroa Cordero returned home to die, crowds rallied to hear him speak, and 10,000 people attended his memorial services. Of the four survivors, Lolita Lebron has most strongly captured the island's imagination. In a culture that reveres strong women, her mythic status lies somewhere between La Pasionaria and Joan of Arc, even though she has rigidly shunned publicity. She hasn't given an interview in years because she feels that "they force labels"—that her words have been distorted to others' ends. She is a Catholic and a Nationalist, she says, and will allow no others to use her.

She considers her time in prison a sacrifice, but not a waste. In 1971 she organized a peaceful strike in sympathy with the Attica uprising, which led to better conditions for her fellow inmates and six weeks' solitary confinement for her. It is very clear that she would prefer to remain in prison rather than go free on compromised terms. Thirty-four at the time of her arrest, she will be 60 in November.

Although she does not claim to speak for the others, her eyes flash in anger at the mention of the prisoners' swap with Cuba. She considers it a personal insult that she could be "traded" for a C.I.A. agent. "I will not be degraded, or have what I did degraded in this way," she told me. "It would be a purer thing, a more beautiful thing for me to die in prison. And if I do, it will be for my people, without one regret." □

Selling Apartheid

ARYEH NEIER

Johannesburg

"I and my Government," Dr. Piet Koornhof, South Africa's Minister of Cooperation and Development, told the National Press Club in Washington a few weeks ago, "are seeking to create a happy and meaningful life, therefore a new blueprint, for all in South Africa. We are entering a period of complete reformation. We are presently in a new era. We have reached a turning point in our history. Apartheid, as you came to know it in the United States, is dying and dead. We are in a period of reform."

Exciting news. Koornhof, who even professed his Government's belief in full citizenship for people of all races, was greeted by a standing ovation, and with cheers in many American newspaper editorials. *The Washington Post* called South Africa "the most lively and ambitious social laboratory in the world" (June 17). Back home, Prime Minister P.W. Botha endorsed Koornhof's statement and shielded his itinerant Minister from the backlash of Andries Treurnicht, leader of the *verkrampte*—or rigid (more literally, constipated)—wing of the ruling National Party. The dispute among the Nationalists gave heightened significance to Koornhof's statement, for the Prime Minister appeared to ally himself with the *verligte*—or enlightened—faction's expressed intention to mitigate the humiliation of 80 percent of South Africa's people that has been Government policy since the National Party came to power in 1948. All in all, it was a great publicity coup for South Africa. As *To the Point*, a journal noted for its support of Government policy, exulted, Koornhof had "take[n] American news media by storm on his Washington visit."

After traveling around South Africa during the three weeks subsequent to Koornhof's National Press Club speech, I found his report of the death of apartheid not merely exaggerated but ludicrous. Nonwhites must still use separate toilets, ride on separate buses, purchase tickets for trains at separate counters and ride in separate rail cars. They must continue to live in separate townships—almost always miserable slums lacking electricity and indoor plumbing, far removed from the gleaming white cities and suburbs to which they commute daily at great expense to serve those whom they are expected to address as "master" or *baas*. Despite a housing surplus in areas reserved for whites, any nonwhites who attempt to move into them in order to escape from quarters where they are required to live three or four to a cubicle are vigorously prosecuted under the Group Areas Act. A black child is still required to attend a separate school, where the expenditure per child is only one-tenth of the amount allocated to educate a white child. Every day, a thousand or so nonwhites are prosecuted for violations of the pass laws in "trials" that lack any semblance of due process and that rarely last as long as two minutes. These help to preserve South Africa's distinction of having by far the largest portion of its population in prison of any country in the world. Although Dr. Koornhof said in his Washington speech that he hated the pass laws and was in the process of doing away with them, penalties for violations are going up. Most important of all, no nonwhite may vote in any election for officials of South Africa. Disenfranchised, nonwhites are politically powerless against the intricate web of laws, regulations, proclamations and bureaucratic decisions that oppress them.

There is another sense, however, in which Koornhof's

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speech to the National Press Club was not so much a lie as a deceptive half-truth. Apartheid, as Americans know it, no longer adequately describes South Africa's approach to race relations. But what is replacing it? Something more sinister: denationalization of all South Africa's blacks. In place of their South African nationality, they are becoming nationals of new mini-states that the South African Government is busy creating. As Koornhof acknowledged a few weeks after his Washington speech, when he repeated his remarks about "full citizenship" before a black group in Johannesburg, he had in mind a "plural setup." Pressed by a member of his audience, he said, "I don't believe it can be achieved in a unitary setup. As a student of political and constitutional development, I say again it cannot be achieved in a unitary setup. I say again."

The policy of creating mini-states—known as "homelands"—granting them independence and, thereby, denationalizing black South Africans, has been developing for a long time, though the grand design is only now becoming clear. Seeds of the policy of denationalization were planted when South Africa adopted the Promotion of Bantu Self-Government Act of 1959 and the Bantu Homelands Citizenship Act of 1970. These laws require that blacks ("Bantus") must become citizens of the autonomous homelands to which the South African Government says they are attached by birth, residence or linguistic, ethnic or cultural affiliation. Two homelands have been granted independence by South Africa, Transkei in 1976 and Bophuthatswana in 1977, though their sovereignty is recognized only by South Africa. Ciskei, Lebowa, Venda, Gazankulu, Qwaqua and KwaZulu are now considered self-governing and South Africa plans to grant them independence in due course. In all, 13 percent of the land of South Africa, most of it the poorest soil, has been set aside for the creation of these mini-states.

The use of linguistic, ethnic and cultural affiliation to determine citizenship in the homelands is the key to the policy. A black born in Soweto—the giant black township that serves Johannesburg—whose parents were born in Soweto, whose grandparents were born in Johannesburg before the blacks were all forced out, who has never visited Transkei, may be designated a citizen of Transkei if the South African Government determines that he has cultural affiliations with that independent homeland's Xhosa- or Sotho-speaking people. South Africa does not expect him to settle in Transkei. The homelands could not sustain the 70 percent of the South African population who are to comprise their nationals, and the South African economy needs them. No one expects the black living in Soweto to establish ties to the political processes of Transkei. For him, citizenship in a homeland is a legal fiction that leaves him worse off than he was under apartheid as we used to know it.

John Dugard, a South African legal authority and widely respected human rights activist, summarized the effects of this legal fiction in his presidential address to the 50th Anniversary Conference of the South African Institute of Race Relations in Johannesburg in July. "At present," said Dugard, "all South Africans, irrespective of their race, are

DRAWINGS BY TONY AUTH

South African nationals. Only whites, however, are full citizens as they alone have political rights within the central political process. According to Government policy, all homelands will ultimately become independent and there will no longer be any black nationals in South Africa with claims to political rights. This will allow the South African Government to argue that there are no black South Africans." Blacks who were born in the 87 percent of the land that is to remain as South Africa and whose families have lived there for generations are to be regarded by the law as temporary sojourners, aliens in the land of their birth and the land of their ancestors. Pass-law prosecutions would be transformed into passport-law prosecutions.

An important advantage of denationalization from the South African Government's standpoint is that it will allow it to identify its treatment of blacks with the treatment Western countries accord foreign nationals. Blacks designated as citizens of independent homelands could be stripped of any legal right to reside in South Africa by the stroke of a pen and, thereby, their status would be comparable to that of the Mexican, Caribbean and Oriental illegal aliens in the United States. Alternatively, South Africa can grant them permits like those given to "guest workers" in Europe. Blacks have been treated this way all along under apartheid, but by denationalizing them, South Africa will try to cover over the practice Koornhof says is dying or dead with a veneer of Western legality.

How far can South Africa delude its own people and the rest of the world into believing that denationalization is less repressive than apartheid? Piet Koornhof, who has taken on the task, is an adroit publicist who chose his title as Minister of Cooperation and Development because it sounded better than the previous names for the same post: Minister of Bantu Areas Development and Minister of Plural Relations. Koornhof won over much of the English-language press by

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calling off the bulldozers that were set to level Crossroads, a squatters' camp outside Cape Town where 20,000 blacks live. The planned destruction of its 3,000 corrugated tin shanties put up by people with no place else to live was becoming an international symbol of the Government's heartlessness. Elsewhere, in places to which the world is not paying attention, Koornhof's department regularly razes squatter residences. If Koornhof has his way, what the South Africans call "petty apartheid" will diminish and signs will come down like those that now provide separate entrances to liquor stores for whites, or *blankes,* and for nonwhites, or *nieblankes.* Koornhof has played an important part in South Africa's sports diplomacy that is to be capped on October 20 by a world heavyweight championship boxing match in Pretoria between a black American and a white South African before a desegregated audience.

These moves by Koornhof are far from universally acceptable within the National Party. The idea of blacks and whites sitting next to one another in a sports stadium is still anathema to the *verkramptes.* If Andries Treurnicht has his way, a "homeland" would even be created for "colored" South Africans—racially mixed people whose ethnic and linguistic ties are as strong to Afrikaners as to any black tribe. Koornhof's wing of the National Party, on the other hand, has suggested that colored and Indian South Africans would be accommodated in a "new political dispensation" giving them some right to participate in South African Government—though certainly not proportionate to their numbers—once all the blacks become nationals of homelands and no longer have to be taken into account.

Though the differences between Koornhof and Treurnicht are real, they do not run very deep. As Koornhof put it on his return to Johannesburg after his Washington speech: "Dr. Treurnicht and I understand each other very well. There were one or two things reported in a certain way and he reacted to that." *The Financial Mail,* the best journal that still survives censorship in South Africa, said of the Koornhof-Treurnicht argument that "the difference between fiendish *verkramptes* and lily-white *verligtes* is small indeed. Apart from the ambitions of the individuals, the difference between the two camps is mainly one of strategy about how apartheid is to be made to work, not whether it should be made to work." Koornhof, the better publicist, believes that the way to make it work is to tell the world that it is dying or dead.

Criticism of the denationalization policy by South African blacks and white opponents of apartheid is muted by Government persecution of those who decry its policies. Even so, virtually all black leaders outside the homelands who have not been forcibly silenced have denounced the policy. It is also criticized by white liberals, though many only find fault with details such as the amount of land allocated for homelands and the failure to allow urban blacks any opportunity to participate in self-government. They speak of "racial accommodation" rather than of racial equality and use terms like "consociationalism" and "confederalism" to describe schemes of government in which representatives of all races, elected racially, would share in government while whites would retain the power to veto decisions that might threaten their hegemony. Advocates of majority rule in a single state are a small minority even among those who may fairly be described as South Africa's white liberals.

As for international acceptance, the refusal to recognize Transkei and Bophuthatswana and condemnation of their creation by the United Nations have been setbacks for denationalization. Yet National Party strategists are far from giving up hope. Koornhof's public relations triumph encourages them, as does pressure in England and the United States for the lifting of sanctions against Zimbabwe Rhodesia. The West may well accept a black majority parliament that pretends to govern while 300,000 whites continue to control all the machinery of power. Surely then, the reasoning goes, the West will accept South Africa's plan to establish superficial legal equality—blacks and whites each exercising full citizenship in their own lands—while safeguarding the interests of fifteen times as many whites in a territory of infinitely greater economic significance.

Germany denationalized its Jews in 1941 but, having passed the point of caring about international opinion, did not bother with subterfuges. White South Africans care deeply about what Americans and West Europeans think of their racial policies and, therefore, are applying a gloss of legality. Their economy, their security and their national sense of pride are at stake in their struggle for the affections of the West. If they fail to deceive the West and incur its condemnation, they will not be able to sustain the denationalization plan. Perhaps, then, apartheid would really die. □

WARMONGERING CHIC

Gene Rostow's Propaganda Club

ROBERT SHERRILL

On May 21, 1979, *The New York Times* printed at the top of its editorial page a letter from Eugene V. Rostow advocating that "we should put SALT II on the shelf" and speedily increase our nuclear force to such a level that Russia would quiver in its boots. Rostow argued that we had become militarily so weak that everywhere in the world, from China to Saudi Arabia, "doubts about the efficacy of the American nuclear umbrella encourage movements for dissociation from the U.S. and accommodation with the Soviet Union." *The Times* identified Rostow only as "Sterling Professor of Law at Yale."

On June 10, Rostow was back with another letter at the

Robert Sherrill is The Nation's *White House correspondent.*

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top of *The Times*'s editorial page, still arguing that SALT II weakened our nuclear "second-strike capability" and by doing so undermined our power to deter Russian aggression. Once again he declared in tones of doom that "confidence in the United States [as a military power] declines all over the world." For the second letter, *The Times* identified Rostow not only as a Yale law professor but also as head of "the executive committee of the Committee on the Present Danger."

Ah, finally *The Times* was getting the point. The Committee on the Present Danger is one of the newest military-industrial propaganda organizations. It was established in 1976 with a brief flurry of attention from the press, and then forgotten. Only articles by William Delaney in *The Washington Star* and Richard Dudman in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* gave the committee the attention it deserved.

To comprehend the spirit in which these people operate, you need to read in full the following three letters, which the U.S. Labor Party obtained somehow from Rostow's files. They reveal, for example, the C.P.D.'s open attempt to manipulate the black community by appointing prominent blacks; the spooky analogy these people make between the threat of Nazi Germany in the 1930s and the Soviet Union today; and the close interrelationship between all military-industrial propaganda organizations, such as C.P.D. and the National Strategy Information Center. The C.P.D. is only one of several dozen similar organizations coordinated by the American Security Council, a kind of mother hawk of the military-industrial propaganda complex.

Here are the letters:

May 17, 1976

The Honorable James Schlesinger
3601 N. 26th Street
Arlington, Virginia 22207

Dear Jim,

We made progress at our meeting on Friday. The basic approach to the structure of the Committee was agreed; we approved the program and budget; and we roughed out a tentative slate of officers. I believe we will be in an impeccable and impregnable position, from the point of view of the tax laws, and any political attacks based on them. We agreed that Fowler and Packard should be our Co-Chairmen; that you, Dean Rusk, Paul Nitze, and Lane Kirkland should be Vice-Chairmen, along with Sam Pierce (an excellent black lawyer, formerly our student here, and one-time General Counsel of the Treasury), and Rita Hauser. I would be Chairman of the Executive Committee, which would include the officers ex officio, plus Lewis Martin (publisher of an important black newspaper, and an old J.F.K. hand) Ambassador Jerome Holland, and several other people. Charls Walker will be Treasurer, and Max Kampelman General Counsel, Professor Jeanne Kirkpatrick would be Secretary, and Charles Tyroler the Executive Director.

We shall meet again on May 28. By then the legal papers should be in final shape, backed by the opinion of outside counsel on the tax front. Our main business would be going over lists of people to invite as "Directors"—that is, members of the basic body having ultimate legal authority for the enterprise.

While some of us were willing to go public (assuming that the money for a year was in hand) after the primaries, but before the Conventions, it was decided that we should wait until after the Conventions—late in August. In 1964, Joe Fowler had an excellent experience announcing his Independent Committee for L.B.J. and Hubert at that time, when there is usually no news at all.

I shall ask Dave to make his contribution for the non-tax-exempt part of our budget, which should be either one-half or one-third of the whole, tentatively, subject to the advice we shall obtain from several key tax lawyers.

On another, and related subject, I enclose a newspaper clipping about the President's recent speech before the American Jewish Committee. I believe the speech must be answered soon, and strongly, in the election debate. I am urging some of the Democrats to speak out on the subject. If you agree, you might pass the enclosed package on to Governor Reagan, perhaps with your own outline of a possible speech.

Yours cordially,
Gene Rostow

May 24, 1976

Dr. Eugene V. Rostow
Professor of Law
Yale University
New Haven, CT 06520

Dear Gene:

Earnestly hoping for your acceptance, our Directors have authorized me to invite you to join our Board. (You should know that we've been granted $1 million to "crank up" an all-out effort to meet the current and growing threat from the USSR—whether in military, ideological or economic warfare terms.)

You are fully aware, of course, that in terms of the shifting military balance—and in our diplomatic credibility in much of the world—the U.S. today is about where Britain was in 1938, with the shadow of Hitler's Germany darkening all of Europe.

In this context, National Strategy Information Center, Inc. is opening a *full-scale Washington office* to:

a) interact with policy echelons in the White House and Pentagon (where we still have many friends);
b) "tutor" Congressional Staffs, and brief members;
c) work with Trade Associations—with an interest in "defense"—which have Washington offices;
d) generate more public information through friends in the Washington press corps who write about military and foreign affairs.

I, personally, will move to Washington in September to supervise our "interface" operation. (We will also continue our "educational" program, which now reaches 350 universities.)

Please join us!

With best regards, I am
Faithfully,
Frank R. Barnett

June 1, 1976

Mr. Frank R. Barnett
President
National Strategy Information Center, Inc.
111 East 58th Street
New York, New York 10022

Dear Frank,

I am honored to accept your invitation of May 24 to join

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the Board of the National Strategy Information Center. I am delighted that you are opening a Washington office to conduct a campaign of direct and large scale persuasion to Congress, the Executive Branch, Trade Associations and the press corps.

On the political and political-military side, as you know, our new Committee on the Present Danger, of which you will be an active member, is planning a comparable if more limited operation. It should be no problem to coordinate our activities, and indeed to act jointly on many issues.

I fully agreee, as you know, with your estimate that we are living in a pre-war and not a post-war world, and that our posture today is comparable to that of Britain, France, and the United States during the Thirties. Whether we are at the Rhineland or the Munich watershed remains to be seen. I won't quarrel with your dating!

I assume that you see the Strategic Review, which reprinted a speech I gave in New York last January. Do let me know if you do not have a copy.

Yours cordially,
Eugene V. Rostow

Who are these pen pals?

Frank Rockwell Barnett is not a name that would be recognized by the general public, but his service to the right wing and to the military-industrial forces goes back many years. He also has done some robust propagandizing for the oil industry. Barnett, unlike many of his colleagues on the right, is no buffoon. A Rhodes scholar (not that that assures immunity from buffoonery), former Wabash College professor, former program director for the American Bar Association's standing committee on education against Communism, Barnett usually offers at least the appearance of having himself under control. Back in the days when the John Birch Society was going crazy, Barnett spoke out against "crackpot" groups that concentrated on hunting pinks in local colleges.

This decorum is his best weapon, and he has consistently urged his conservative friends to make it their own. Barnett is considered an elite right-wing propagandist, much admired by the military. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have used him for national strategy seminars. He has also coached business groups in the techniques of setting up cold-war seminars.

Nevertheless, beneath Barnett's surface civility is a pronounced streak of right-wing radicalism. In the early 1970s, for example, he worried about how the underground press was "poisoning" the minds of six million Americans. To hear Barnett talk, *The Rat* and *The Great Speckled Bird* were about to overthrow the Republic. One might also have suspected Barnett of hallucinating the time he told the National Association of Manufacturers that "the Soviet Union today, in a period of so-called détente, is really a far more deadly challenge than it was under Stalin when everybody knew that the cold war was for real. It is the Old Left which to this very day, in spite of talks about détente or peaceful coexistence, is spending no less than one and a half billion dollars on worldwide propaganda and political warfare, to defame and to discredit and deactivate the American military-industrial complex, the last and the only shield between the free world and heirs of Lenin and Genghis Khan."

The name Rostow will be, of course, familiar to all who hated the Vietnam War. As a symbol, the name was almost as hated as the war itself. Not because of what Eugene Rostow did, however, but because of the influence of his brother Walt Whitman Rostow. It was Walt Rostow who teamed up with Gen. Maxwell Taylor to urge the earliest military buildups under President Kennedy, and he went on to pursue singlemindedly the expansion of the war under Lyndon Johnson.

McGeorge Bundy was Kennedy's special adviser on national security affairs, but when Lyndon Johnson took over the White House he decided he didn't like Bundy's personality. So Bundy got the boot, and Rostow, Bundy's deputy, moved into his slot. In Johnson's eyes, Rostow was great, for he was both a zealot and a former courtier. Long after the most ferocious hawks, such as Robert McNamara, had admitted defeat, Rostow stuck in there urging Johnson to send more troops, and still more troops; and flattering him with memos heavily perfumed with unction.

But that was Walt, not brother Eugene. Eugene was over at the State Department as Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, keeping a much, much lower profile. He believed as Walt believed; he was equally in love with the Vietnam War and just as extreme in his hatred for Communists. But Eugene had been trained in the Dean Acheson Cold War Academy, and consequently he knew how to work behind the scenes, accomplishing his purposes quietly in contrast to Walt, who knocked heads together. In most books about the Vietnam War or about the Kennedy and Johnson years, there will be many entries for Walt Rostow, but rarely one for Eugene. That is a tribute to his success.

James Schlesinger, our deposed Secretary of Energy, needs no introduction. Though the passion is not so intense, his name also provokes instant disdain among many centrist-to-left-wing Americans. At the time Rostow wrote the above letter to Schlesinger, the latter was campaign adviser to Ronald Reagan. Drawing on his experience as head of the Central Intelligence Agency, and later as Secretary of Defense under Nixon and (until fired) under Ford, Schlesinger was feeding global military strategies to Reagan. When Reagan lost the Republican nomination to Ford, Schlesinger moved over to become Jimmy Carter's adviser in time for Carter's television debate with Ford on foreign affairs. Carter didn't exactly win that debate, but he seemed slightly more knowledgeable on foreign affairs than did Ford (which just shows how deceptive TV debates can be). To show his gratitude to Schlesinger for his advice on that occasion, Carter reserved a spot for him in his Cabinet. Or at least that is the generally accepted explanation for Schlesinger's rebound. But one might also make the case that the right-wing oil-money crowd stipulated that Carter must take Schlesinger in exchange for its financial and strategical support.

Richard Dudman reported in the *Post-Dispatch* that Rostow has acknowledged that "the establishment of the new group grew out of conversations with Schlesinger that

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dated back to the spring of 1975, when Schlesinger was still Secretary of Defense." As you see from the above letter from Rostow to Schlesinger, the organizing group wanted Schlesinger to be identified as a vice chairman. But, says Dudman, Schlesinger told his cohorts that he wanted to keep his name from public visibility as an organizer for fear "that his identification with a pressure group of that sort would harm his chances of being named to a place in the Carter Administration."

In trying to discover the roots of the Committee on the Present Danger, William Delaney of *The Star* went to Charls E. Walker, who, since he stepped down as Deputy Treasury Secretary in the Nixon Administration, has been the most important big-business lobbyist in Washington (lately he has taken on the added job of running John Connally's economic advisory committee for the 1980 campaign). Like Rostow, Walker points to Schlesinger as the prime mover behind the Committee on the Present Danger. They were mutually convinced that America needed awakening from its "apathy" toward Russia and that a powerful "bipartisan" committee was the best way to get the propaganda down to the newspapers and voters. "Gene and I kicked it around," Walker told Delaney, "and found that Paul Nitze had been having a similar idea."

It's only natural to find Nitze surfacing in an operation of this sort. Nitze got rich on Wall Street before World War II and since then has devoted himself entirely to the war on Communism. Nobody in the State Department was closer to Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Nitze, head of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, teamed up with Acheson in 1949-50 to write National Security Council paper NSC-68—one of the original blueprints for the cold war.

The military-industrial personnel office succeeded in placing Nitze close to the top of every Administration from Truman to Nixon. He was Eisenhower's consultant on strategic problems, Kennedy's Assistant Secretary of Defense, Johnson's Secretary of the Navy, Nixon's Deputy Secretary of Defense and, irony of ironies, chief arms-limitation negotiator. As an example of Nitze's approach to foreign affairs, he was among those—Dean Acheson, John McCone, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, Douglas Dillon and McGeorge Bundy being the others—who urged President Kennedy to order "surgical strikes" against the Russian air bases in Cuba during the missile crisis.

Among the charter members of the C.P.D. were such luminaries as David Packard, Nixon's former Deputy Secretary of Defense, and Joe Fowler, Johnson's former Secretary of the Treasury. That was a tough enough bunch to get things going, Rostow felt, so on Thanksgiving Day, 1975, after quaffing a couple of pre-lunch Bloody Marys, Rostow was inspired and emboldened sufficiently to sit right down and dash off a letter to Walker and Nitze in which,

Notice to Our Readers

The Nation's summer schedule is in effect during July and August. The next issue will be dated August 25-September 1.

Rostow recalls, "I said we'd had preliminary discussions long enough. By God, why don't we just do it?" And so they did.

The C.P.D. attracted a predictable array of people, largely such hard-liners as John Connally, the C.I.A.'s William Colby, Clare Boothe Luce, Gen. Matthew Ridgway, Dean Rusk, Douglas Dillon, John Connor of the Allied Chemical Corporation (and previously of the Department of Commerce) and Gen. Maxwell Taylor. But there were also many ritual conservatives who must be considered more boring than dangerous, people like Hobart Lewis of *Reader's Digest*, Prof. John Roche, former United Nations representative Rita Hauser, Prof. Oscar Handlin of Harvard, and Yale law professor Joseph Bishop Jr. The world of money management was well represented: William McChesney Martin and William J. Casey, among others. One of the more interesting groups was made up of ideological mugwumps, the "liberal" cold warriors like Max Kampelman, Hubert Humphrey's old sidekick; William Connell, former executive assistant to Humphrey, and Lane Kirkland of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

Up to now the C.P.D. has not had any great success in warmongering. On the whole, its efforts have been received as a heavy-handed intrusion. In August 1977, for example, some of the large-caliber names on the C.P.D.

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roster—Rostow, Fowler, Kirkland, Adm. Elmo Zumwalt, Packard, Hauser, and former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird—were invited to meet with President Carter at the White House (or, rather, were sneaked in, since the press office identified them as "a group of leaders from private industry"). The invitation reportedly came at the behest of Hamilton Jordan. But the lecture the President got did not please him at all, and he wound up telling his visitors that they were wrong on SALT and should "stop picking on me." It was not what could be called an amicable exchange of ideas.

In November 1977, Nitze, although normally an exceedingly smooth operator, clumsily made public a great deal of classified information about negotiations between the Russians and Americans to limit strategic weapons. He did so in the name of the C.P.D., which he now serves as chief pamphleteer and lecturer. It was plain that he was trying to be a spoiler, and the release of secret information acquired in a position of trust as Nixon's arms negotiator was at the least highly improper. As Carl Marcy, former director of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said at the time of Nitze's ploy, "There seem to be a few old cold warriors who neither die nor fade away but would brandish their sabers forever rather than help pave the way for a just and lasting peace, a reduction in international tensions and a lessening of the possibility of nuclear war."

That's quite a mouthful, but it does pretty well sum up the membership of the C.P.D. and what it is trying to do. □

REPLY

Frank R. Barnett and Eugene V. Rostow were afforded an opportunity to comment on Robert Sherrill's article. The following letter was received from Mr. Barnett, president of the National Strategy Information Center. Having read the letter, Mr. Rostow decided that it was not necessary for him to reply separately.

—The Editors

10 July 1979

Mr. Victor Navasky
Editor
The Nation
72 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10011

Dear Mr. Navasky:

Thank you for the courtesy of your letter of July 3d and the invitation to comment on the article by Mr. Robert Sherrill. Inasmuch as even a minor gladiator in the public affairs arena is fair game for the arrows of *argumentum ad hominem*, so zealously loosed by your author, let me confine my remarks to substance rather than respond to the diverse arts of McCarthyite innuendo which often betoken a weak case.

First a comment on what Mr. Sherrill calls "the spooky analogy . . . between the threat of Nazi Germany in the 1930s and the Soviet Union today." Admittedly, all analogies command less than the validity of pure science, but in this case the current Soviet military threat is understated by reference to the Nazi peril of the past. Hitler had no nuclear weapons, no ocean-spanning missiles, no submarines capable of destroying our coastal cities, a limited surface navy and very little sophistication in radio-electronic combat. Thus Hitler lacked the reach to seize the oil of the Middle East, the finesse to cope with British radar and signals intelligence and the means to inhibit the production lines of the U.S. from overwhelming Germany with tanks and aircraft. None of these deficiencies which entailed certain defeat for the German war-machine are inherent in the singular scope, quality and complexity of modern Soviet weaponry.

Secondly, let me register a dissent to that political philosophy whose curious criterion for "right-wing" ideology is opposition to the expansion of the Gulag. Why, in logic, is it "right-wing" to draw attention to the unpleasant fact that Moscow has expended $100 billion more than we have on armament in the past five years alone? The Soviet hardware and attendant political leverage which emerge from that added investment will endanger the fragile peace of the Middle East and the efficacy of the Helsinki human rights campaign in the USSR and Eastern Europe just as surely as Moscow's counterforce edge will put our own ICBMs at risk. When humane values, partially dependent on the credibility of our deterrent, must seek to endure the hostile environment of Soviet military advantage, is there really—as Mr. Sherrill implies—necessary liberal-conservative dichotomy in defense policy? (The recent criticism of Hanoi's atrocities by Joan Baez and friends suggests that concern for the poisoned fruits of Communist military conquest need not be restricted to "right-wing radicals.")

Mr. Sherrill postulates that I was "hallucinating" by asserting that "the Soviet Union today, in a period of so-called détente, is really a far more deadly challenge than it was under Stalin when everybody knew the cold war was for real." Yet Mr. Sherrill offers no data or analysis in support of his polemic, assuming perhaps that Stalin's primitive brutality was more dangerous to our civilization than Brezhnev's polished SS-18s and Backfire squadrons. I stand by the statement. The cold war meant frigid diplomacy, violent rhetoric, no cultural exchange and little wheat or technology flowing to the East. However, in the era of the cold war, U.S. superiority in seapower, nuclear weapons and delivery systems meant also that three-quarters of the globe was effectively off-limits to Moscow's ambition.

Khrushchev could bluster and even build a Berlin Wall but he held lesser cards than Brezhnev for the deadly game of power projection to continents other than Europe. In 1962, President Kennedy stultified the Soviet missile gambit in Cuba with the aid of a 6-1 nuclear edge for the U.S. plus awesome naval superiority in the Caribbean. When the nuclear tilt is 3-2 against us—and Soviet firepower dominates the Eastern Mediterranean and Indian Ocean—will some future President be able to shelter Saudi Arabia or Israel? At what stage of the persistent, Soviet military buildup does "hallucination" become a nightmare come true?

Sincerely,
Frank R. Barnett
President
National Strategy Information Center, Inc.

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Peking Love Song

JAMES ARONSON

Peking

Some visitors complain that there's no night life in Peking. That's not quite so: it's just that the Chinese have not got around to telling about it in English. Lights-out certainly is earlier than in New York, but everything is moved up accordingly—performances begin at 6:30 or 7 P.M. In one week recently, in five consecutive evenings, I was at the theater, an acrobatic/magic variety show, two films and the China-U.S. basketball game. I never did that in New York. Couldn't afford it. Prices here for most entertainment are 3 to 4 *mao* (20 to 27 cents). There's plenty going on.

There's even more going on behind the scenes of the performing and creative arts, a ferment and an excitement unparalleled since the first years of the People's Republic. In book and magazine publishing, in the fine arts and the theater, in music, opera and the dance, cultural life has been coming alive again since the fall of Mao Zedong's wife, Jiang Qing, and her associates in the Communist Party and governmental hierarchy. In some places the tender shoots are tentative; in others they are breaking through boldly. Everywhere people are meeting and talking about the revival, swapping horror stories about the smothering 1960s, and seeking to reassure themselves that those days are gone forever. All winter and spring the press has been crowded with reports of clearances and rehabilitations of writers, artists and actors falsely charged with producing "poisonous weeds," as collaborators of "the dictatorship of the sinister line in literature and art."

Last spring, obviously in response to petitions and protests all over China, the organization and propaganda departments of the Communist Party and the Ministry of Culture met in a national forum with the All-China Federation of Literature and Art to discuss ways and means to hasten the process of clearance. There were thousands upon thousands of victims. Those being processed are already working again, but they want full public recognition that they were falsely charged, and an official statement to that effect.

New publications are sprouting and old ones reappearing after a forced absence of ten or more years. The magazine *Popular Cinema* is back, with articles on current films, plans for the Chinese film industry, an article on Chaplin and one on *The Next Generation*, the American television sequel to *Roots*. So is the academic journal *Culture and History,* with an invitation to scholars from the mainland, Macao, Taiwan and Hong Kong to contribute. Reappearing also are the *Literature Review, Women of China* (in English), *Teaching History* and *Chess*—devoted to the ancient Chinese game denounced during the Cultural Revolution as a "bourgeois pastime."

In February *The People's Daily* published for the first time in full the text of a 16,000-word address in 1961 by Premier Zhou Enlai to a forum "On the Questions Related to Literature and Art." In essence it was an argument against substituting political slogans for art, a challenge to the professionals in the audience to "dare to think, to speak, to act." There was an eighteen-year delayed echo in March, when a similar forum gathered and concluded that many of China's artists still had not taken up the second and third parts of the challenge.

But they are beginning to. In its first issue of 1979, the magazine *Fine Arts* published an editorial denouncing the distortion of history and the "deification of the individual." It did not leave the reference vague. Under the Gang of Four, it said, Mao appeared in paintings with only the blue sky as a backdrop "with shining complexion, and always in the center, high above the people, high above the mountains." These, said the editorial, were the conventions of classical religious paintings: historical paintings must be true to history.

Of all the arts in China, the theater perhaps has taken up Zhou's challenge most vigorously. The plays I have seen are first rate, matching the best in the United States in direction and acting, and certainly deeper in content. In Peking, the sixth theater festival in celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic has presented, among others, *Tea House*, by the novelist and playwright Lao She, who committed suicide during the Cultural Revolution. He is the author also of the novel published in the United States under the title *Rickshaw Boy* in the 1940s—a seminal book on China for many Americans.

Tea House depicts old China in three stages: the reform movement of 1898, the time of the clashes among the warlords and the Kuomintang rule after the Japanese occupation. Three main characters (there are seventy) age and decline with the tea house. They are the hard-working tea house owner, a capitalist, and a worker, all of them sympathetic characters rendering China's history with high humor and satire.

Also being presented is a Chinese version of Brecht's *Galileo*, to which the Chinese style lends itself admirably; and *Yanzhi*, a Shaoxing opera adapted from the novel *Strange Stories From a Chinese Studio*, a denunciation of bureaucracy wonderfully free of political posturing. Th opera, the critics say, applies the principle of "seekin truth from facts," an interesting phrase which I would fu ther interpret as good old-fashioned investigati reporting.

The state of the cinema unfortunately is far less heal The flawless revolutionary hero persists: handso wholesome, pure—and dull. One film I saw, *Silver Flo* tells of a beautiful battered Mongolian slave girl who nomad and ends up as an Eighth Route Army b

James Aronson, journalist and professor of communications at Hunter College, is the first American to be invited as a visiting professor of journalism to the People's Republic of China.

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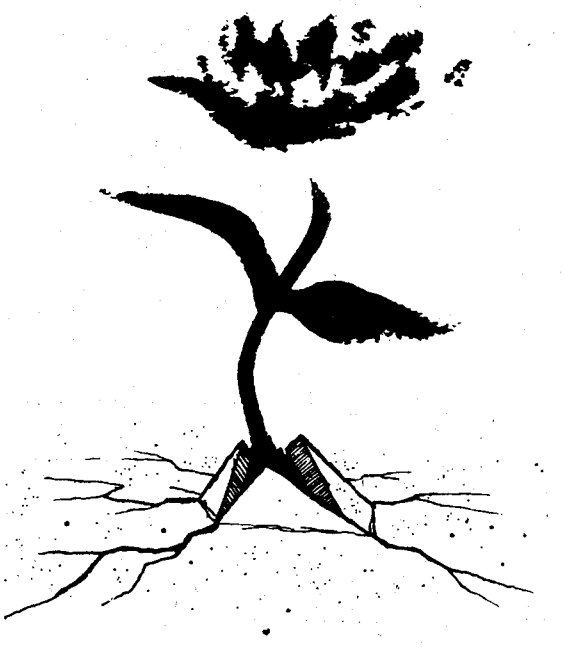

commander. Typical scene: our heroine dismounting, uniform spotless and smooth after a hard day's ride over the Mongolian plains, and delivering a tide-turning speech to a crowd of landlord-deceived Mongols and Hans. I assigned the film for review as an exercise in news writing for my class at the Institute of Journalism in Peking. The class numbers seventeen. There were seventeen negative reviews. One student concluded that the film suffered acutely from "intellectual malnutrition." All had some tart advice for the film industry.

Film makers are feeling the hot breath of national disapproval. The heads of the eleven studios met in March to announce fifty new feature films for 1979, but more importantly to set in motion a program to overhaul all aspects of film production. Administrators, directors, actors and scenarists discussed ways to "blaze new trails," to discard monotonous themes and replace them with the reality of contemporary life. *The People's Daily* recently published a full page of articles and letters attesting to the sad state of the industry. It promised more.

On his return from China with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Harold Schonberg wrote (*The New York Times*, April 1) that "it is hard to get close to painters in China." I have not found it so. Perhaps because my wife, Grambs Miller, is an artist and illustrator with a special interest in Chinese painting, we have encountered no barriers. In addition to meeting artists at exhibits, we have visited with them in their homes and studios.

The art scene here is volatile. There is a rebellion against political poster painting but not, as Schonberg indicated, against traditional painting. Quite the contrary; many painters, old and young, have gone back to the traditional style, some traveling deep into the mountains to paint and perhaps to reflect on the scars of the recent past, as did the artist-pilgrims of dynastic China. Several know and have studied the works of Matisse, Picasso, van Gogh and Monet.

One leading painter, Liu Jiyou, famous for his animals, had studied in Czechoslovakia, where he formed a great admiration for Albrecht Dürer. The son of a painter, his two daughters and son are also studying painting. The younger daughter hopes to study at an art school in the United States. Liu showed us his fastidious earlier work to emphasize his freer contemporary brush. Then he went to his table and, as we watched, painted a marvelous rabbit from his storehouse memory. His first stroke was an ear in two colors.

The Chinese love music—their own lilting tunes and folk music of the world. They missed the classical music of the West during the period of inane prohibition. Some of this was repaired with the visit of the Boston Symphony, which had a television audience of millions. They were followed by the Lyons Symphony which, in addition to appearing on TV, played for 15,000 persons in eight concerts in Shanghai and Peking.

In a note in *The New York Times*, pianist Walter Hautzig reported that after a recital in China students in the audience refused to meet with him privately backstage for fear of getting into trouble. He spoke of a "lingering police-state paranoia." No doubt the past lingers, but paranoia is much too strong a word. Anxiety would be more apt, and among most of the young people I have met there is not even that. For example, a student at the Conservatory of Music, near where we live, seems to have adopted us. Two or three times a week, in daylight and dusk, she bikes to our little walled house in Noisy Market Street. The other day she invited us to the conservatory's auditorium for an afternoon concert by students seeking a place in the International Chopin Competition.

As is the theater, the music world is becoming more daring. Ly Ji, chairman of the union of musicians, recently urged his fellow artists to "smash the mental shackles" of the recent past and write "what people want to hear." Life is rich and colorful, with all kinds of themes, he said, "contemporary revolutionary ones, historical ones and everyday life." None is indispensable, anything poetic and beautiful could be made into a good song. "Love," he said, "did not cease to exist just because our love songs were banned."

Everyone reads. China has 940 journals with a combined circulation of 112 million. Those concerned with nature, science and children's themes have the biggest circulations. China's two major publishers of children's books plan to bring out 300 new titles by the end of 1979 to mark the International Year of the Child. All told, there will be 1,000 titles available by June 1, 1980. The *Guangming Daily*, which appeals mainly to professionals and intellectuals, has a circulation of 1.4 million, up from 200,000 during the Cultural Revolution. Bookstores are constantly crowded. Book publishers from the United States have just begun arriving to inaugurate a two-way sales arrangement with China.

In the midst of the ferment, the past—the "feudal-fascist" past, many call it—is unearthed and examined. "Shocking Literary Exposé," says a headline in *The People's Daily*. Below it appears an article about the

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"Three Family Village," a grim story of the fate of three writers for *The Peking Evening News* who produced a popular column titled "Notes From the Three Family Village" and "Evening Chats in Yanshan." Deng Tuo, Wu Han and Liao Mosha were their names. With gusto they dealt with social problems, often basing their incisive criticism and satire on letters from readers complaining about bureaucracy, bungling and injustice. One column cautioned readers against high-sounding empty talk. They lampooned the slogan, "The east wind is our benefactor and the west wind is our enemy."

In the late 1960s, after an inquisition into their work, they were charged with launching a "flagrant attack on the scientific Marxist statement" that "the east wind prevails over the west wind," and therefore were attacking Mao Zedong Thought. All three were officials of the Peking municipal government, in addition to being writers. Two were hounded to their deaths. Liao Mosha survived to testify before a commission which recently cleared them of any wrongdoing.

Listen to the painter Huang Zhou—noted for his animals and particularly his donkeys—on the madness of the time:

> If I painted a donkey turning its head back, I was accused of longing for the past. If there was one donkey in my picture, the Gang said I was promoting individualism. If it contained many donkeys, I was calling socialism backward. If my donkeys were running west, I was supporting western society. If they were running toward the viewer, they were charging on socialism and attacking it. If they were going north, it was because I liked Soviet revisionism. I was branded a black painter *(heihuajia)* with a deep hatred for the Communist Party. Who could paint under such circumstances?

The answer, of course, is: "Nobody in his or her right mind." Nor write, nor compose, nor act, nor sing nor dance. Then in the post-Cultural Revolution era, when so much has already changed, are there limits still to cultural endeavor and creation? Yes, there are limits—but they are defined now not by Jiang Qing but by the legacy of Zhou Enlai. Where Jiang Qing once banned a dance of one of the Chinese nationalities because the head movements irritated her, Zhou Enlai denounced bureaucratic dictatorship of art form and content.

And the overall limits are set by the system of socialism itself. Art or literature that attacks Chinese socialism is not permitted. It follows then that advocacy of another system likewise is forbidden. Within the socialist system, the Chinese are free to express themselves as they will. The recent developments affecting Democracy Wall are pertinent here. The Wall stands (I pass it two or three times daily); new big-character posters go up all the time and the little dissident publications are still sold. But the somewhat vague strictures about the posters have filtered down, and they are observed. Yet, at the same time, and again within the system, the media are vigorously pressing the campaigns against injustice, corruption, inefficiency and bureaucracy. Where the wall was largely symbolic, the media are tangible and widely effective.

There are other limits. Lack of paper holds down the press runs of the new publications. That is socialist reality. The dark stage, the closed study, the uninhabited studio crippled creativity for almost a generation; new writers must be trained and tested, new actors taught, new painters encouraged. That too is real. An editor of a new social studies quarterly told me the first issue had to be postponed some months because the contributors had nothing to write about: they were busy catching up with developments they had missed in a dozen years of isolation.

To this observer's eye, the vast majority of the Chinese are intensely loyal to their system. They do not seek the freedom to overthrow it. What they seek—particularly the people in the arts with whom I have talked at length—is the freedom from fear that the gross distortion of socialism which took place in the Jiang Qing dynasty will reassert itself.

Could it happen again? The first step, they answer, is to try to find out how and why it happened. They do not yet know; they are still trying to sort it out. They do not want it to become nonhistory. But even as they sift through the past, they live vigorously in the present. And they are mindful of another stricture from Zhou Enlai: "The past not forgotten is a guide to the future." □

Gas Conspiracy

(Continued From Front Cover)

cut and Florida, have also joined the suit, giving it national implications.

The most revealing evidence comes from charts based on data compiled by the Lundberg Survey, an industry pricing service that takes price samples at more than 16,000 filling stations in about forty cities nationwide. Lundberg will sell its service to anyone, but the oil companies have always been its best customers—especially back in the 1960s when it was published weekly—because, in the words of Daniel Lundberg, who runs it, "Company reps were always driving around trying to find out what the competitors were doing; I could just do it cheaper."

After the 1973-74 gas shortage, a Georgia Tech marketing professor, Fred C. Allvine, bought the Lundberg service and used it for an attack on the oil companies. Allvine and James M. Patterson of Indiana University charged in a book called *Highway Robbery* (1974) that even before the Arab boycott the oil companies had contrived an artificial gasoline shortage to drive price-competitive independent marketers out of business. The book was underwritten by some of the independents and published by Indiana University Press. When the states became interested, they hired Allvine as a

James Gannon is a producer of NBC News's Prime Time Sunday.

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consultant, and he turned over his Lundberg data.

The states have refined the charts in Allvine and Patterson's book, which they call "unmanipulated, computer-generated plots" of the Lundberg Survey, and made them their Exhibit A. Prices for major company dealer stations and for independent retail outlets are averaged separately so that price patterns can be brought out. The patterns are virtually identical in twenty-one Western markets. San Francisco and Seattle, several hundred miles apart, show "an incredible coincidence [in] the two cities' pricing history." The twenty-one widely scattered cities, among them metropolitan Los Angeles and semirural Yakima, Wash., offer "thoroughly convincing evidence of the most tightly controlled, conspiratorially maintained market imaginable," the states charge.

The alleged conspiracy had two phases, reflecting changing circumstances in the world oil industry. The first spans two decades, from the 1950s to the early 1970s, when the seven biggest oil companies—Exxon, Mobil, Socal, Texaco, Gulf, British Petroleum and Royal Dutch/Shell—virtually dictated production, supply and marketing strategy for the entire world. Six of the multinational Big Seven are defendants. As far as the public knew, these and a few lesser companies were competitors. But according to the indictment, they had set up an intelligence network in PAD V to exchange market information—the kind of information Macy's would never tell Gimbel's.

The second phase of the conspiracy took place during the fourteen months prior to the Arab boycott of 1973-74. OPEC nations were beginning to take charge of production within their own boundaries. With foreign production profits slipping, the majors turned to domestic markets. But competition from independent dealers with no-frills service and cut-rate prices prevented total market control. The states accept Allvine's theory that the majors dealt with the situation by contriving an artificial shortage to cut off or limit supplies to the independents.

Market-rigging by the oil companies began in the industry's early days in the nineteenth century when John D. Rockefeller gained a stranglehold on the industry by buying up refining and transportation. After the "breakup" of Rockefeller's Standard Oil trust in 1911, companies that had not been part of the Rockefeller empire, like Gulf and Texaco, grew up. As American companies found their spheres of activity overlapping those of foreign counterparts, adjustments were made to keep the lid on competition. In 1928, Exxon, Royal Dutch/Shell and what is now British Petroleum forged the Achnacarry Agreement to assure orderly worldwide marketing. Mobil, Gulf, Texaco and Atlantic soon joined the others, and Socol participated informally in further agreements to implement the Achnacarry principles. Local cartels were created, and a permanent secretariat was established with committees in London and New York. The objective, of course, was global control of the industrial world's most important source of energy.

In 1952, after the Federal Trade Commission reported the restrictive supply and marketing arrangements under the Achnacarry Agreement, President Truman ordered the Justice Department to prepare criminal indictments against the American oil giants. But another Iranian crisis intervened. In 1951, Iran had nationalized its oil industry, and the Central Intelligence Agency began plotting the overthrow of Mohammed Mossadegh, who had ordered the takeover. The C.I.A. coup was consummated in August 1953, but in the meantime Truman had dropped the criminal action before he left office in January 1953. He later explained that he was talked out of it by Gen. Omar Bradley in the interest of "national security." The suit was reduced to a civil action and settled fifteen years later with meaningless consent decrees. Meetings of the international oil secretariat continued into the 1970s.

The upshot is that sharing trade secrets is second nature to the oil companies. So when the majors put together an intelligence network in PAD V they were only doing locally what they long had been doing worldwide. Other companies found it in their interest to go along.

One can only speculate that failure of the antitrust action emboldened the oil companies. The 1950s were a time of Big Oil's ascendancy. The international cartel was working smoothly. Profits rolled in from foreign crude, enhanced by a dollar-for-dollar Federal tax credit at home for taxes and royalties paid abroad. By 1970 a barrel of Arabian light crude cost 8.2 cents to produce and sold for $1.20 on the international spot market. The companies were pushing gasoline as a hawker would push popcorn (Exxon urged you to "put a tiger in your tank"). In the words of a California court document, "The production tail wagged the marketing dog."

The companies built an inefficient retail system, at the heart of which were lessee-dealers who would buy gasoline for about 5 cents above wholesale, receiving in return delivery, advertising and credit cards. The dealers added their margin onto their cost to arrive at their retail price. The system left room for independent entrepreneurs. A sharp businessman could buy a major company's gasoline through brokers and beat the dealers with no-frills gas stations.

The majors were perfectly willing to sell, too. The more they sold, whether out the front door to dealers or out the back door to off-brand marketers or brokers, the more crude they could pump—and the more profits they could make. The system reached a peak of absurdity when the companies gave dealers price supports to meet competition.

When Korean War controls were lifted in 1953, the major companies took steps to assure an orderly market with relatively stable prices. In the West, where it was the biggest company, Socal became the pricing leader, or "reference" company. A Shell ex-employee is quoted in a pre-trial document as saying that Shell gasoline prices prior to the mid-1960s had no relation to the cost of production; price was a matter of "follow the leader," and the leader was Socal.

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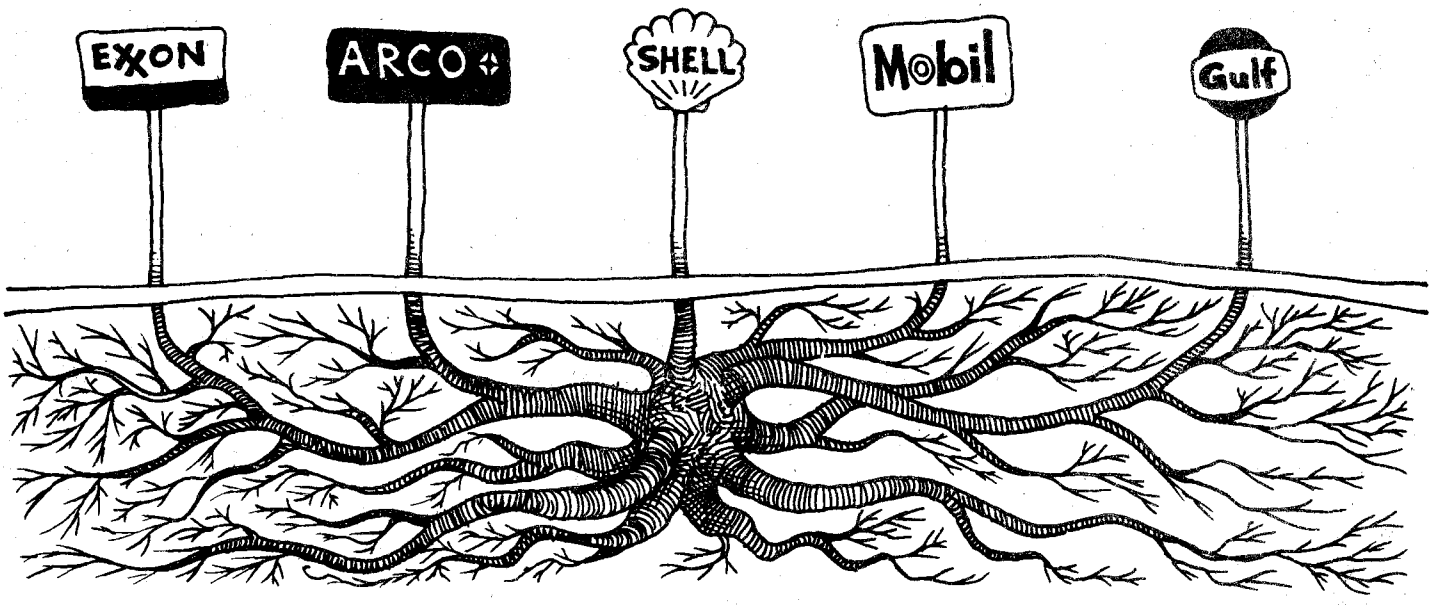

In the early 1950s, Socal established what the states called an "industry contact group" within its marketing division. It was staffed with employees whose job was to gather intelligence about competitors. They were ordered not to keep records or talk about their activities with fellow employees, and to use all available sources, including employees of rival firms, to collect information on competitors' activities. The main targets of their inquiries were retail prices and dealer subsidies. They would also discuss wholesale accounts to make sure commercial customers (cab or bus companies or government agencies) who wanted to buy one oil company's gasoline were not under contract to another. This was known in the oil business as respecting the other company's "paper." And the question asked was, "Do you have paper on this guy?" (Socal contends that the group comprised "marketing analysts and consultants" and that all questions about prices were asked by "clerks" solely for "verification.")

In 1957, assistant marketing vice president Theodore Wellman was named to head the group. He reported directly to the marketing vice president. Individuals under him were generally assigned to specific marketing areas. Eugene McGeorge, for example, covered Los Angeles, and Gus Zantow gathered marketing data for Salt Lake City. They would call or meet directly with their counterparts in other companies. Wellman himself communicated with Socal competitors at the executive level.

Agnar Nerheim, a key man under Wellman, had broader responsibilities. He collected inside information about dealer subsidies and discounts by independent refiners to their "off-brand" customers. It was Nerheim who set up untraceable telephone communications between Socal in San Francisco and the Carter Oil Company (later Exxon) in Seattle. According to Carter official Robert Erhard, Nerheim utilized the Socal tie line between its San Francisco and Seattle offices. Nerheim in San Francisco could ask Socal's Seattle office to dial Erhard, or Erhard could call Socal in Seattle and be connected to Nerheim, with no record of a long-distance call.

Nerheim probably talked more often to Erhard's boss, Bill Randall, marketing division manager at Carter. Randall had power to grant or terminate dealer price supports. The dealers' main interest was in selling at prices that were competitive with the cut-rate independents in order to keep their sales volume up. The companies wanted to keep prices high; they would give supports reluctantly on an incremental basis, but when prices went too low to suit them, the supports would be stopped and the prices would shoot back up.

Erhard recalled telling Carter's dealers that supports would end on a certain day at a certain hour, and noticing later that dealer allowances at the other companies would end at the same time. As the antitrust suit charges, the implication of "mutually agreed price restoration . . . is very strong."

The implications are even stronger in the charts based on the Lundberg Survey data. The charts show that during the period of gasoline oversupply, the prices charged by both major company dealers and independents in every Western city rose and fell in sawtooth patterns over six-week cycles. Price declines in each cycle were gradual, but "restorations" were instantaneous, "without any intermediate ascending prices," the states charge. Stock market analysts, economists and other experts consulted by lawyers for the states agreed that the near-identical price curves of the company dealers and the independents would not have occurred in a truly competitive market.

The notion of patterns is central to the states' argument, and the companies' defense attacks the accuracy of the charts on the ground that by plotting average prices they do not reflect the wide range of "diversity" among individual retail outlets. "The charts were never meant to show that everyone had the same price," said California's assistant attorney general Michael I. Spiegel. "They show patterns—intermediate prices on the way down, with restorations all at once. Even with price dispersion, that point is still valid."

Socal's "industry contact group" continued to meet

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through most of the 1960s, possibly until the Supreme Court ruled in 1969 that even infrequent meetings to discuss prices violated the Sherman Act. (Socal refers to the group as the "Wellman group," and says it broke up when Wellman retired in 1967.) The states allege that informal high-level contacts among marketing executives went on as they always had—whether over martini lunches at the Petroleum Club or in informal meetings during oil conventions. They would discuss "problems," and few problems did not relate to prices. There were times when the Oil Information Committee of the Western Oil and Gas Association didn't bother to find neutral ground, but simply met in company board rooms. The states "inferred" that they met "to discuss marketing matters, including prices."

The most striking thing about the charts is the abrupt end of the sawtooth patterns in mid-August 1972, which coincides with the final termination of dealer allowances. This marks precisely the end of the old era of gasoline oversupply, and the beginning of the current period of product scarcity. And whatever OPEC or the Federal Government may have contributed since then, it demonstrates that the oil companies ushered in the new era.

Several major companies eliminated dealer supports on August 15, and by the end of the month these subsidies were virtually a thing of the past. The companies had set the dealers up in business, and now they knocked the props out from under them. Prices leveled off for several weeks, with the independents far enough below the dealers to take away volume. Then the oil companies dropped the other shoe.

In February 1973, the president of Arco warned of a coming "fuel crunch." Shortly thereafter. Arco was cutting back gasoline supplies to independents. By May it had implemented a "voluntary allocation" program—in reality, a system of company-conceived and company-administered gas rationing. Other companies did the same in what the states called "a coordinated plan by the major oil companies to end the surplus gasoline situation in order to dry up the independent marketers' supply."

The conditions for the alleged "fuel crunch" were created earlier, according to the states. Refinery utilization was as low as 85 percent of capacity in the second half of 1972 (92 percent is normal), even though PAD V was subjected to no import restrictions and the records of several crude storage facilities indicate no shortages of "feedstock" for the refineries.

The oil companies then used the "shortage" as an excuse to squeeze the independents. The Golden Eagle Oil Company, for example, could obtain from Phillips only 5.4 million gallons of gasoline in April 1973 compared with 8.9 million the previous month. Golden Eagle was lucky; Phillips cut off the independents in Phoenix altogether. Arco shut off the Goodrich Oil Company for two months in 1972, then created supply problems for nearly two years before canceling the contract. Mobil reduced supplies to the Southern Counties Oil Company in June 1973.

"Voluntary allocations" by the oil companies, under pressure from Congress, saved some of the independents, but it did not save price competition. The price curves on the charts show a relatively smooth and steady upward climb from 1973 to 1977. The majors had gained their objective: they controlled the market. The independents, under the discipline of short supply and allocations made mandatory by the Government, played ball with the majors at the expense of the consumers.

By the time the Arab boycott occurred in the fall of 1973, the majors' refineries were running at about 100 percent of capacity—well above normal. Gasoline supplies had already been reduced to a thin margin over demand, and the Arabs simply caught the oil companies with their inventories down. As the states' antitrust suit puts it: "There was never any shortage of any kind, but rather an artificial scarcity."

The antitrust suit does not cover the current situation, but Spiegel said recently that there were "similarities" to 1973-74. The oil companies have gone once again to "voluntary allocations," which they justify by citing the Iranian shutdown and the alleged unsuitability of sulfur-laden Alaskan crude for West Coast refineries. Spiegel reminded Congressional fact-finders that Iranian oil is not imported into the West and that Alaskan crude has always been blended with cleaner crudes for Western refineries. Since then the companies have fallen back on standard platitudes about "maintenance" cutbacks.

Similarities do not stop at the Rocky Mountains. Allvine testified to a House committee in March that the oil companies "drew down" gasoline inventories in the first half of 1978, before the Iranian cutoff, just as they had done before the Arab boycott in 1973. Refinery utilization from January to July 1978 ranged from 83.4 percent to 90.5 percent with no shortage, and possibly a surplus, of crude. Allvine theorized that the purpose, once again, was to constrict gasoline supplies to the independents who in 1977, when Alaskan oil was creating a momentary glut, were having a rebirth of price competition.

The states are asking the court to end the oil companies' conspiracy and "restore competition" to the industry. Although the states are merely enforcing the laws, there is a David versus Goliath quality about the case. "They have all the resources," said Spiegel, "with an unlimited ability to spend money and prepare 100-page briefs, a lot of them irrelevant, that bypass the main issues."

In the final analysis, the outcome might well depend on whether the case is tried before a jury. In a recent Gallup poll, 77 percent of the sample believed the oil companies had contrived the current shortage to drive up prices. One of the states' investigators, reflecting on the long gasoline lines, fairly glowed at the thought of putting their evidence to a jury. Decisions about trial, however, are at least two years away. The short-term reality will be continuing defense efforts to weaken, delay or scuttle the case—in short, to bury it in the judicial process. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

On Manhood, Disease, And the Authentic Self

LEONARD KRIEGEL

If the reality of any history is subject to the distortions of need, then the reality of one's own past is thrust against the dream of independent selfhood, of true authenticity, a process that stains one's coming-of-age rites here in America. To look at one's own past is rather like staring at a slide through a microscope in a high school biology class: no matter what textbook and teacher may claim, a sense of sullen wonder emerges from the sight of that which, one suspects, was not really meant to be seen at all. And in the skeptical corners of the mind where one harbors such resistance, the evidence is not believed. The mind insists that something is missing—an element in which shape defines shape. Or self declares self. It is this missing something that one draws upon for an extended reality—a truth at the heart of the lesser truth that the eye inaccurately perceives. In the self's resistance lies its authenticity.

It is to this resisting self that one must address himself when he speaks about the situation of the cripple, particularly now, when that situation can be viewed as a paradigm for the general situation of men in America. In the mind, the heroic man springs to life, formed by the very accidents that have made him what he is. And formed, too, by the expectant passion with which the self early on learns to view what it can potentially become. In this, the task of the cripple is to face what the normal may choose to ignore. The normal has that option—at least temporarily. But the cripple is isolated. Despite the professional ministrations of those who are concerned with his welfare, who reach out to his plight, his *condition* is more intense, more critical, than they can afford to admit. Whatever else the world may label it, he defines his isolation as total. He cannot seize hold of those supports which give balance to the normal. He is both pariah and victim, to be pitied, shunned, pinned, labeled, categorized, classified, sooner or later packed in the spiritual icebox of a sanitized society in the hope that he can be dealt with "humanely" in some even more sanitized society of the future. Other than the right *to be,* he can be permitted everything. For without the right to be, he is permitted nothing. His selfhood must be denied by the normal, since to admit that selfhood would be to include nature itself in the category of villain.

Simply in order to survive, the cripple breaks the harmony of man with nature. My own braces and crutches, the spastic presence of a young woman with cerebral palsy, a middle-aged man's blind questioning of corridors and curbstones as he makes his way forward into an emptiness matched by the emptiness from which he stems—all are guaranteed to make the normal uncomfortable. One could easily add to the list of disease and injury, but to do so would be pointless. For what cripples share is not so much a physical condition—their differences are far more pronounced than differences between white and black, gentile and Jew, Italian and Eskimo—as it is the experience of having been categorized by the normals. The cripple inflicts a collective presence on the world at the expense of his individuality.

One can see this in the literature that deals with cripples. It is the nature of the thing viewed that is held up for the world's examination. And yet, in the most brutal as well as in the most generous portrayals of the cripple in literature, there is something usually withheld, a dimension to his existence which indicates that even the greatest of writers are reluctant to come to terms with this particular being. In Melville's *The Confidence Man,* the cripple is a mere variation on a masquerade. Not even Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick* gets beyond his creator's demonology. The cripple in literature is shadowed forth in the pious sentimentality of Dickens's Tiny Tim, and is more fully fleshed out in the malign thrust for power that motivates Shakespeare's Richard the Third, but there is invariably something held back, an agonizing truth in which the cripple assumes the role of brother under the bone. To recognize that would be to recognize his true fragility, the "humanness" which he shares with the normal. The cripple's dream is to force the rest of the world to recognize his wound as wound and not as mere category. It is the threat of visibility that ultimately accounts for his dismissal.

Tiny Tim, for example, is not so much the creation of Dickens the artist as he is the literary embodiment of those social pressures which force the cripple to disguise his actual self, his *real* self, beneath the Christian pieties that bury the very possibility of Tiny Tim emerging as an individual character. Tiny Tim cannot be permitted to be, to act for himself; instead, he is acted upon, and even when he helps "change" Scrooge for the better, he knows that it is a change in which Scrooge's newly purchased goodness will overwhelm his own. If he has learned nothing else, Tiny Tim has long since learned who can give and who must take. He has grown up with the experience of his own crippledness in a household in which he is more or less considered special, both a gift from God and a responsibility for man. Were the portrait truthful, he would be terrified to carry so heavy a burden on his weak back. But Dickens knew his audience. His Tiny Tim is content enough to serve as inspiration for others. The only things he carries on his back are the world's illusions.

Both Ahab and Richard the Third are more complex. But Ahab is so powerful a creation that he tends to overwhelm his readers. It is sometimes difficult to remember his wooden leg, for his symbolic presence rivals that of his adversary, Moby Dick. If he is man, he is man removed from the world of nature not by his wound but by his will. Richard emerges from his crippledness in a different way. He is more human, certainly more recognizable to anyone who is himself a cripple. Because we can see ourselves in him, he inspires a certain admiration. His desire is for vengeance. If what the world has done to him has been spawned by the indifference of accident, his condition re-

Leonard Kriegel is the author of The Long Walk Home, Working Through *and* Notes For the Two Dollar Window. *Parts of this essay appear in* On Men and Manhood *which will be published in the fall by Hawthorn Books.*

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mains a constant reminder of his need for vengeance—and vengeance visibly expressed and actively sought. His power and determination provoke admiration even from those for whom the cripple is threat. It is his recognition of his needs along with his insistence on defining himself for himself that sets him so singularly apart from Tiny Tim. And his relationship to the universe is that of a single individual, a man alone, rather than, as we suspect with Ahab, that of principle against principle.

Richard *imposes* his broken body on the world; he forces life to accept him—even if it can accept him only as villain, the physical embodiment of spiritual evil. But what proves so attractive in Richard is that he decides that the world must accept the self he declares as his own, a self he has cunningly, laboriously and courageously earned. He must be what he is, so that if the world chooses to acknowledge his evil it must first acknowledge the essential fact of his personal presence. And he has, as few cripples do, the pleasure of demanding an accounting for his life, even if that accounting leads to his death. That he is among Shakespeare's great villains is a tribute to the depth of perception that went into his character. Richard's effect on the cripple is to heighten his defiance, giving him the subversive idea that, like Richard, he must struggle first to claim a self in order to understand what the world knows as his condition.

There are other examples in literature which provide a sense of a singular wound made powerful and attractive. D.H. Lawrence's remarkable story "The Blind Man" is particularly notable since it comes from a writer who created what is still perhaps the cruelest caricature of the cripple that we have in all of English or American literature, the impotent Clifford Chatterley of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. But no literature can be anything other than a reflection of those images of pain the world itself fears. It is not literature, whether good or bad, that will change those images. If men cannot entirely refashion their worlds, they can certainly exert a collective pressure toward change, a gathering of momentum. And this is the task of neither Lawrence nor Shakespeare nor any future Lawrence or Shakespeare. It is, rather, a question of how the cripple himself can turn his attention to the possibilities provided by his search for the personal self, the authentic man. And it is to the primacy of *his* performance—in the face of decisive, frequently overwhelming, odds—that he must address himself. He must discover in his own life, in what the outside world still calls his condition, a model for survival and heroism. Not only must he force an unwilling world to acknowledge his presence, he must also rediscover an essential aspect of the quest for selfhood in America, the fact that accident is a form of opportunity.

How can the cripple handle his own burgeoning selfhood and yet deny what must inevitably come to be the primary fact of that selfhood, his functioning as a cripple? If his quest is for an authentic self that he can view as his alone, how then can he avoid turning his visible stigma into an invisible source of strength, an asset designed to claim not only the world's attention but also—and sooner or later he is going to have to admit this, too—its admiration? The answer to such questions can provide the cripple with a way out of the dilemmas created by categorization by others. It is here that he is offered the opportunity to define himself for himself, only he must take the risk of holding up the true ragged ends of his existence. And for all to see. It is exactly here that he can point the way for others, the normals of the world, as they confront the demanding self in a time of mendacious conformity, a time in which the very concept of an authentic self has been virtually buried beneath dull variations on doing one's "own thing."

That the odds are formidable is obvious. The control of one's destiny, even having a voice in one's destiny, is at best problematic for anyone; for the cripple, such control is even more difficult. Chance is an even greater element in his life than it is in the lives of others. Having already witnessed the power of accident, he knows that if the reconciliation of the individual self's wishes with the world's actualities can lead to what we call maturity, it can also lead to madness, despair and suicide. The terror of performance resides in the heart. The desire to measure up to what one believes to be the demands normals meet on an everyday basis, the need to prove the self's worth, haunt the cripple's everyday life. Perhaps the world's charge can be diminished, but it can never be wholly ignored, never forgotten. The image of what one was crashes against the fantasy of what one might have been. Under the best of circumstances, maturity is temporary.

I am still haunted by a memory that seems to me a paradigm of the way in which the cripple faces the demands of the self he has brought into being. As a senior in college, I happened to go to a party in an old, dimly lit tenement in what is known today as the East Village but at that time was still known as the Lower East Side. The apartment turned out to be up four rather steep flights of stairs in a building that looked as if it had lingered from a Dead End Kids movie. The staircase was broken into three separate landings for each flight, which created an empty space of about four feet running down the heart of the staircase from the roof on the fifth floor to the bottom entrance. I remember feeling that I was staring down an unused mine shaft as I made my way up the stairs. The dim light provided by a twenty-five watt bulb at the head of each landing made the illusion even stronger. But going up the stairs proved to be no problem. Some four hours later, filled with good conversation and food and wine, I began my descent. Since the only banister was on the left-hand side as I went up, I was forced to descend the stairs backwards. All during the party, which I remember having thoroughly enjoyed, I had been thinking of that descent. I had considered asking someone to accompany me downstairs, but I dismissed that as a form of humiliation. Capacity is measured by the self. I had brought no one to the party. And I would depart alone.

In order to descend the stairs, I had to hold one of my crutches with my left thumb, jam it tightly against the banister, put my weight on my right crutch and maneuver my legs into the semi-darkness behind me until I felt the next step beneath my feet. At the head of each landing, in order to gain the leverage I needed to descend, I would do a fireman's lift and drape my body across the banister, so that from the waist up I found myself leaning into empty space, my weight fused on that left hand which grasped both banister and crutch. The only thing that kept me from falling through space to crash to the tiled floor some forty or so feet below me was the strength in my left arm.

I cannot remember a moment when life seemed to me more immediate, more tensile with its own promise, than it did as I leaned across that landing into hostile space. It was as if the accident of

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having lost my legs to polio at the age of 11 had finally been met head on. To be conscious that the only thing keeping me from crashing to my death below was the power in *my* arm and the insistence that I could now, if only in this seemingly minor action, determine the course of my fate, filled me with what I can only describe as a surge of joy. Like Wordsworth, I was "surprised by joy"—but the surprise emanated from the inner self, not from nature. I remember a distinct voice that seemed to cry out from the very chambers of my heart, "You are a cripple! And to be a cripple is to be different." The need to prove the self's capacity, its legitimate toughness, held me suspended four stories above the dingy tiled entrance of that Lower East Side tenement.

Such memories are today embarrassing, particularly to a 45-year-old college professor who likes to believe that he is as sardonically rational as any of his colleagues. And yet, the particular memory must be served. Since the age of 11, I had lived with what Mailer speaks of as "death as immediate danger," and I would live that way for the rest of my life. To pretend otherwise would be to lie. And to universalize my fate would be a different lie. Suspended in space, it was as if I had to encompass the myths of my own existence, to accept as meaningful in myself the peculiar pleasures of combat that mark the life of the cripple. The experience was to be repeated again and again in my life, but always to fuse with that moment of realization when I hung above the tiled entrance, hung above my future. If it never again provided quite the same sense of exhilaration, it remained a vivid reminder of how one might go about attacking life. For the cripple, knowledge of how he has been wounded by accident only makes clearer his awareness of how intimate the future terms of his existence must be. The path to the authentic self winds through the acceptance of the risks of disease, the legacy of accident.

This is not to say that the cripple merely invokes an inverted Cartesianism, "I suffered; therefore, I am." No, not suffering but the knowledge of having come through is the source of one's pride. One approaches such pride cautiously, inch by inch, as he tries to frame those moments which have proven decisive in the self's quest. The admission is made: "This is the man I dreamed of being. But here is the man I am yet going to be." To seize one's fate is to take back the past.

I am not suggesting the cripple assume that his stigma, his wound, is now to be the glory of his condition. It is, rather, resistance to the rush of circumstance, the denial of the inevitability of accident, that sets him apart. Adversity is to be faced honestly, on the level of its own presentation. What the cripple must do is match the potential for response to any situation with the peculiar manner in which that situation breaks against him *because* he is a cripple. The measure of manhood can become the capacity of one's rage. And it is this, I believe, that we mean when we speak of "endurance." There is no proper approach to one's own limitations or one's potential failures. There is a quality of risk to any experience and it is this that we learn to cherish.

Of course, the answer to contemporary confusion about what constitutes an individual identity is not to be found in a quick dose of cerebral palsy or the experience of a congenital disease. But to live with a decisive physical impairment, and *to live consciously* with that impairment, letting it chart one's existence like a lighthouse on a stormy night at sea, to do this is to accept both the possibility and the risks of the emergence of a true self: an individual "I," forged by the specific attributes which accident has given it. To defy one's destiny is a statement of purpose, even of negative purpose; it voices one's refusal to accept the irremediable as long as alternatives can be glimpsed. The failure to recognize the human significance of this is where Lawrence, in both "The Blind Man" and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, went wrong; it is where Dickens and Melville went wrong, too. Only Shakespeare, who possessed a receptive eye for the truly demonic, captured it in his Richard the Third—and even there it lies partly hidden beneath the political machinations we are asked to focus on. Richard's rage is compelling today because it remains a personal response to accident. The rage, as well as the man, insists that accident can be overcome. In the cripple, isolation must be made into a time of opportunity. Perhaps his fate is to seize upon Emersonian individualism at the very moment in our history when it has proven itself bankrupt. Still, it is not an insignificant fate. If he must be categorized by those others, then let him at least earn the satisfaction of a self

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PANTHEON

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created out of personal encounters with his agony. In this resides his singularity.

The cripple must learn to look upon what had been stigmatization as an acquisition, to admit to having been set apart. The process was captured by the poet, Karl Shapiro, in a poem about an amputation suffered by a soldier during World War II, "The Leg." The soldier struggles to accept the loss of part of his body. He must learn to adapt to life without the leg, even as the life that he possesses extends his defiance of accident to the principle upon which his future is to be founded.

> Later, as if deliberately, his fingers
> Begin to explore the stump. He learns
> a shape
> That is comfortable and tucked in
> like a sock.
> This has a sense of humor, this can
> despise
> The finest surgical limb, the dignity
> of limping,
> The nonsense of wheelchairs. Now he
> smiles to the wall:
> The amputation becomes an acquisition.

To make of injury acquisition, to make of disease a living symbol, and to do this not as an expression of resignation but of defiance—it is this that Shapiro's soldier achieves. His life will be different from that point on, for he has been tested and discovered to be not wanting. He has learned that he has come through, and he has learned the value of coming through, the pride in performance against great obstacles. Ultimately, he will learn to recognize the opportunity that fate has offered him, learn to trust his own disease, to trust the body which, in having betrayed his hopes and aspirations, has made a statement about his relationship to it and to the universe. However difficult it may be to write such things today, the authentic self must still be won. And it is here that the cripple comes to terms with what he is, here that he sees in the ironies and obligations of his experience our time's representative struggle.

And yet, even the demanding self must recognize that defeat is implicit. Disease is the reining-in of mortality. The cripple's condition is the human condition, even if the vanity of coming through may at times feed his illusions. There is a point at which the acceptance of one's own wound, the living with the internal enemy who, as Ernest Becker writes in *The Denial of Death,* "threatens danger," leads to a certain haughtiness, perhaps even contempt for those others, the normals, who have never been called upon to prove their capacity. If, as Sartre claims, man is "nothing else but what he makes of himself," then an unvoiced corollary is that the man who succeeds in creating an authentic self against great odds runs the risk of what used to be called the sin of pride. Everything he does, every act of love or hate, every victory he claims or defeat he suffers—each has been pulled from the fire. And the true "dirty little secret" of the cripple's world is the extent to which he takes pride in his performance and acknowledges his ability to force his presence upon the world. When you match yourself against your fate, it is almost inevitable that the normal's frame of reference comes to seem comic, even at times ludicrous. Picture, if you will, a man or woman who lives on intimate terms with pain as a condition of his or her daily existence listening to the stentorian nasality of Howard Cosell praising the "courage" of an athlete who earns his $250,000-a-year salary on aching knees.

At this point, the cripple must recognize that the normal can diminish his reality. A man may choose to create an authentic self out of his defiance of circumstance, but he cannot remake the nature of existence. No matter what the will demands, dead legs do not run nor do sightless eyes see. The knowledge of what we are cannot be avoided for long. Memory pinches one's heroism. Years ago, I wrote an autobiography in which I tried to re-create with neither sentimentality nor false piety the experience of having had polio. When I first sat down to write *The Long Walk Home*, I assumed that what would prove to be difficult would be those scenes in which I relived the pain, the sense of helplessness, the loss of dignity that the onset of disease inevitably produces. To my surprise, these scenes proved easy to handle; they virtually wrote themselves. What was actually difficult to write about truthfully were all those minor wars which ended in not-so-minor defeats—falling at a subway exit and waiting for someone to pick me up, daydreaming about the strength and power I knew were rightfully mine, only to look in the mirror and find reality mocking my very presence.

I suppose that I would still call *The Long Walk Home* an honest book, but I can also now see how decisively it speaks of my own limitations of vision. "At the cost of legs, I had won a self. How much cheaper a price could I have expected to pay?" With these two sentences the book ends. And in a lifetime during which I have written my fair share of sentences better forgotten, I can think of no sentence as singularly untruthful as that last. I would give a great deal to be able to take it back today. For I know now how truly expensive such victories are, how fragmentary, how terribly short-lived, how ludicrous to call the price "cheap," and how essentially demeaning to the legitimate and painful demands I had made upon myself.

But fate manages to burrow beneath all our illusions. A few months after my book was published, I found myself in a small Dutch fishing village. I was feeling rather smug about that self I had fashioned, like a man who draws for a five-card straight in poker and discovers that he has pulled a royal flush instead. I was in the Netherlands on a Fulbright; the book, my first, had been published to rather favorable reviews, and I had just received both tenure and a promotion at the New York college at which I still teach. One sunny October day, I was walking with my 2-year-old son on the concrete embankment that paralleled the beach. My son waddled on down the embankment, waving for me to follow him. He walked about ten yards or so into the sand and then stopped to wait. And I did follow him, for I was suddenly filled with a sense of selfhood won that was so absolute that the illusion of power was even greater than what I had felt hovering above that tiled floor some nine years earlier. It was an illusion so vivid that it literally devoured the reality of experience. I was insanely certain that I could follow him onto that beach, pick him up on my shoulders, cast braces and crutches away and run against the North Sea wind—a normal American father with his laughing American son. Another token of existential absurdity, one that would have brought a smile to Kierkegaard's lips, if not to Sartre's. Man makes himself, but he never remakes his circumstances—except, of course, in his fantasies. When my crutches hit the sand, they sank, which is what crutches usually do on beaches. Not only would I not run, I could not even walk after a 2-year-old. And I found myself overwhelmed by a rage so pure, total and all-devouring that it must have been that one step away from the madness about which we speak so often. My

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mind was capable of such violence that I could have passed through that Dutch fishing village like a whirlwind of vengeance for the thwarted self. Instead, I retreated to the firmness of the concrete embankment to wait, angry and humiliated, for my 2-year-old son to realize that his father could not follow him onto the beach.

The price is never cheap. And that authentic self is never quite won. It recedes from the cripple's grasp, just as it can never really be won by the normal—except, of course, in one's fantasies, which create the language of their own fulfillment. There is, after all, the unlikely possibility that a 2-year-old boy will possess the patience and understanding of Job. But even when the fantasies evaporate, there is the final lesson that the wound imposes. It, too, must be absorbed. Dignity as a man consists of the terms of the struggle we declare. And to live consciously means to live honestly, to speak of the authentic self as something which has been borrowed for the moment. And borrowed for its own sake. And for the sake of all the sons waiting on the beach. □

How Henry Does It

ALAN WOLFE

SIDESHOW: Kissinger, Nixon, and the Destruction of Cambodia. *By William Shawcross. Simon & Schuster. 467 pp. $13.95.*

In an Administration of liars, Henry Kissinger lied as much as anyone. Among certified hard-liners he took positions that made the others blanch, and his foreign policy decisions, especially in Asia, were disastrous. Kissinger not only survived it all, he has become something of a hero to the press. William Shawcross, an outstanding British journalist, has done much to explain this apparent paradox.

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Shawcross meticulously describes two wars. The first is the actual war in Cambodia, considered something of a diversion by the Nixon people, yet deeply symbolic of all that has been wrong with American foreign policy since the end of World War II. The other war lasted longer. It was the war that Kissinger (and, to a lesser degree, Nixon) waged on decency. In order to allow the first war to continue, these men fought the second war bitterly. They never defeated their enemy in Cambodia, but they did manage to destroy much of what is decent about the United States, including its (somewhat) independent press, its separation of powers and whatever humane values it had left.

The first war—the one against the Cambodians—constitutes the bulk of Shawcross's book. Here he captures the futility of the whole American effort in Southeast Asia. By 1969, the Joint Chiefs of Staff were winning a hearing for their position that there was such a thing as C.O.S.V.N. This mysterious jargon stood for Central Office for South Vietnam, and was alleged to be the command post through which the North Vietnamese were able to direct their forces in the South. Arguing that C.O.S.V.N. was probably located in the "fishhook" region of Cambodia, the generals called for a major American effort to eradicate the enemy's command. In April 1970, a full-scale invasion was launched against Cambodia to wipe out C.O.S.V.N. Not only did it fail, it also launched a wave of protest against the war that irrevocably altered the attitude of an entire generation toward their Government.

After the coup in Cambodia that replaced Prince Norodom Sihanouk with Lon Nol, a commitment was made to provide the new leader with massive military aid, a decision that dragged Cambodia into the war. With a friendly ally now in place, the United States began a saturation bombing campaign designed to hobble C.O.S.V.N. In 1970, 8 percent of all combat sorties in Southeast Asia were directed against Cambodia, rising to 14 percent in 1971. The figure dropped in 1972, but the next year, when the Paris Peace agreement prohibited U.S. bombing of Vietnam, the entire Seventh Air Force was sent out against Cambodia. Moreover, the tonnage increased each year. Lon Nol had the dubious distinction of having his major ally lay waste his own country.

Neither the invasion nor the bombing ever hobbled C.O.S.V.N. Indeed, the whole idea of C.O.S.V.N. as a specific place—rather than as a state of mind—was fallacious. American war planners simply had no idea what they were doing. As a result, their Cambodian War was not only immoral and (as Shawcross shows) illegal, it was also counterproductive. By dragging in a neutral country, Nixon and Kissinger broadened their losses; they guaranteed that yet another country would "fall" to Communism.

Shawcross's book has been widely discussed, with the overwhelming bulk of the commentary being devoted to the war against Cambodia. Yet since history is kinder to winners than to losers, the war that will continue to live with us is the one that the Nixon Administration, and in particular Kissinger, fought against the American people. For if Asians showed themselves to be fully aware of the nature of the enemy and united in their resistance, the Americans under fire from the Nixon Administration were unaware of the tactics used against them, and seem even now divided and uncertain about what happened. For all his failures in Asia, Kissinger succeeded at home. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he discovered a few mundane truths about American politics and was willing to apply them more ruthlessly and consistently than anyone else in our recent history has dared. Since Kissinger is still fighting his war against decency and truth, the long-term importance of Shawcross's book will be that it constitutes a formidable weapon against him.

The world according to Kissinger can be captured in the following maxims that guided his conduct while in office:

(*1*) There is no position that is too immoral for any policy maker to take, so long as he appears firm and without guilt. Nixon's problem (but not Kissinger's) was that he retreated from his immoral acts. Kissinger knew better; he understood that it does not matter how shamefully one acts, a "reputable" spokesman, a Reston or a Kraft, will find a way to justify it to the public at large. By showing no remorse for the slaughter, violations of international law, unconstitutional actions and the corruption of political standards for which he was directly responsible, Kissinger sidestepped criticism and censure.

(*2*) There are no limits to the power of flattery in American politics. Here Kissinger is talking to Nixon: "Mr. Pres-

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ident," he says, "I wanted you to know that I have read the report and I find it very fascinating." Nixon responds, "As I said, there is [*sic*] a lot of things that are repetitive." Kissinger: "But that too is interesting. The fact that there is repetition is interesting." Later, talking to Nelson Rockefeller, Kissinger tells his patron that Nixon's report was nonsense.

It would gall most people to be as obsequious as Kissinger. Melvin Laird, for one, would not have done it. But Kissinger knew that flattery is to power as money is to trade. It is the medium that makes accumulation possible. It can be spent on Presidents, on journalists, on academics, on the public. Others may back off when their flattery appears too self-serving. Kissinger didn't. Power, as he understood better than anyone, is not subtle.

(*3*) Never be bound by a political position. When William Safire asked if the planned invasion of Cambodia did not violate the Nixon Doctrine (under which the President had pledged no direct interventions by U.S. troops into Asian countries), Kissinger's reply was, "We wrote the goddam doctrine, we can change it." And change it they did.

Kissinger's understanding of language and its usage is an important ingredient in his success. Words, for him, are weapons in a war to obfuscate. The relationship between his words and reality is almost deliberately coincidental. Yet Hannah Arendt has argued that truth is more powerful than falsehood for it is the only standard against which falsehoods can be judged. What makes Kissinger so impressive is that he negated this axiom. The consistency of his lying is awesome. He wore the false front at all times: at dinner parties, among Cambridge friends, on planes. Unlike Nixon, who needed a retreat in order to steel himself against the real world, Kissinger was in perfect control. Even his rages were calculated, so it is odd that Nixon, and not he, was considered the Plastic Man, a totally synthetic being.

(*4*) In a rational world, irrationality is an advantage. Both Nixon and Kissinger, as Shawcross takes pains to show, believed in the "madman" theory of politics. This theory holds that you get what you want by convincing your antagonist that you are so crazy you will stop at nothing to obtain it. Hence the rationale for the bombing of Cambodia. But, as Shawcross notes with devastating understatement, "A problem with this theory is that reputations for irrationality have to be established, and that can be done only by irrational actions."

(*5*) When the truth must be told, tell it only about the important things. Here is where Kissinger's real genius becomes apparent. Most politicians will own up to the trivial sin but lie when the going gets rough. Kissinger did exactly the opposite. He lied about the small stuff while disarming his critics by stating the truth about what counted. "The illegal we do immediately," he once commented, "the unconstitutional takes a little longer." Behind the humor lay a strategy. (With Kissinger, behind everything lay a strategy.) Admit something, and you will never be punished.

Kissinger has long known what the oil companies have just begun to discover. In 1973, the oil companies lied to the public. They blamed the long lines in the gas stations and the rising prices on the Arabs who had cut off our supply. Now they have found a much better approach. They simply announce that they are holding gas off the market in order to drive up the price. It makes far more sense if you hold all the cards to play the game straight rather than to cheat. Cheaters, as Nixon learned, get caught. But since nothing is impermissible in America so long as it contributes to greater profits or power, it makes far more sense to publicize one's conspiracy. Kissinger was the first powerholder to understand how effective this strategy can be. It is why he can still contemplate running for office and Nixon cannot.

For those who wish to pursue these matters further, Shawcross's book contains enough details about the way Kissinger conducted the affairs of his offices to find additional maxims. The author has done what American journalists so rarely do. Offended by the flattery and rules of access that dominate official Washington, he decided to find out the truth. It was not hard, for not many people were on the case. His book will become part of the historical record, an antidote to the official papers on the Cambodian War. One also hopes that Kissinger will respond to Shawcross's challenge and justify himself, if he can, in his memoirs. But one knows, too, that Kissinger will view his memoirs as part of his power and will treat them the same way he treated public office.

I have a few quibbles with Shawcross. Like Tad Szulc, he believes that Kissinger failed because his preoccupation with Asia and his efforts at détente enabled the Soviet Union to expand its power. That is laying it on too thick. As awful as Kissinger was, he should be given credit for taking on the cold-war zealots around Washington, a task that nobody in the Carter Administration is willing to do. And Shawcross's treatment of the Khmer Rouge, in my opinion, does not allow that the victims of a madman theory might tend toward madness themselves.

Such quibbles do not objections make. This is a fine book, one whose lessons need to be learned. If the United States does not learn them, Shawcross may have a new book to write. □

Six of One

MARGARET HOLMES

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As a publisher's undertaking, the Third Godine Poetry Chapbook Series is admirable—extraordinarily well designed books and cheap. Bound in six different shades of the same patterned cover—a kind of stylized Italian endpaper—the six volumes have the effect of swatches of fabric or printers' ink samples: they are a sensuous abundance of color. But the books are more than pretty; there is good poetry inside. The poets are so unlike one another—the complementary covers are misleading—that they must be taken one by one.

Margaret Holmes works at the Museum of Broadcasting in New York City.

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John Peck is the strongest of these poets. The poems in *The Broken Blockhouse Wall* (his second book) are dense and, like the world that is their subject, they require concentrated attention before they come clear. The meaning Peck pries out of the world does not come easily. His poems, far from being opaque for opacity's sake, are opaque with the result that the flash of recognition, when it occurs, is brilliant and illuminating.

Looking through *The Broken Blockhouse Wall* one finds again and again words such as *stanchion*, *rail*, *pier*, *abutment*, *column*, *mill stack*, *concrete*, *cable* and *the broken blockhouse wall*. These are the hard, cold and intransigent things that surround us: architectural units and postindustrial building materials as metaphors for the frequently unyielding quality of life. Like life, and like Peck's own long and complex sentences, they are not quick to reward.

Nevertheless, Peck takes them one by one in these poems and he bends them into meaning. The world is resistant, he is telling us, and redemption (the title of one of the poems), or whatever we seek, is never promised: the only hope is to push back against the resisting forces. In "Lucien," for example, a crisis—a storm, an epiphany, suicide perhaps—eludes a man crossing a bridge. Such a breakthrough, Peck suggests, would be unlike life. It would be as improbable as physically moving the bridge itself. The contortion of steel into lyricism, and the possibility (achieved, in some of the poems) of identification with objects, with other people, and with the past, is the consolation Peck's poetry offers.

Gail Mazur's *Nightfire* is a more accessible book. It is filled with the immediate stuff of life: people, places, incidents and dreams. Cambridge, Mass.—where Mazur runs the Blacksmith House Poetry Series—and its environs serve as settings for many of the poems. Family plays a big part in the book, both the family she was born into and the one she made. But never, in *Nightfire*, does Mazur employ her personal data faddishly, and what a pleasure it is to read the poetry of a woman who is autobiographical without being embarrassing.

Real life, after all, is interesting. Take, for example, "The Adirondacks," the story of a miserable couple's miserable stay in wet weather at an underequipped and malfunctioning cabin loaned by an ill-wishing friend. Supplies run out, no work gets done, the wood won't burn, injuries are sustained, spirits are low, low, low—and the poem, while it conveys with uncanny clarity the perfect unhappiness of the whole affair, is funny. Addressed to the man, it reveals between the couple a one-time intimacy that tolerated no secrets, and there is a frank pathos in the conclusion:

> I was running out on you and slipped
> on the wet step—who loaned us this
> cabin?
> Some friend of yours who always
> hoped
> we'd fall apart. I lay on the rocky
> ground, I think my legs were broken,
> staring at the Constellations. I only
> recognized Orion and the Dippers
> and
> Cassiopeia and no question about it,
> I knew I was lost.

Mazur's closeness to experience, her honest assessments and her keen sense of detail inform many of *Nightfire*'s best poems. Some of these are grim, and grim, I venture to say, in a woman's way, for Mazur bears the weight of the facts of life, of other people's lives as well as of her own. This

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weight, however, does not give her poetry a heavy touch. It is guided not by a feel for what is grim but by humor, compassion, love and skill.

James McMichael's *The Lover's Familiar* is an unusual and somewhat elusive book of poems. It is so distant from the experience Gail Mazur writes about that it seems almost antique. It contains few contemporary references and speaks of almost nothing that is familiar to us. The poems shed light on one another, though, and in the course of them McMichael builds a set of images into a kind of comprehensible typology. Of the six books in the series, this one (excluding Alvin Greenberg's book-length poem) is most clearly a volume that is sequential and internally self-referring.

Recurrent in *The Lover's Familiar* is a preoccupation with passage and with the attempt to fix things in time or memory even as they are passing. The meditations on the canonical hours, for example, render with extreme delicacy and elegance the frailty of light (and all that light may imply). So relentlessly white are McMichael's images of fading daylight, however, that it is only in their accumulation—only after one has read straight through from "Matins" to "Compline"—that one feels their entire force.

The strongest sense one takes away from *The Lover's Familiar* is of the grace—spiritual grace by way of visual and intellectual grace—effected by renewal. It is a secular canon wrought out of some traditionally religious forms. The stanza from which the title of the book is derived ends:

> A new order
> is one that is renewed
> hourly.

The poems show memory and art, as well as time itself, renewing order. McMichael pays homage to several works of painting and writing, the point being that the artist captures, honors and renews the world in representing it. Such representation takes an illuminatingly American turn in "Itinerary," a journal of New World hardships. Its frontier-Puritan speaker trusts that if he studies and records outward images and visible signs in the world he will come to some understanding of the world teleology, of the world's inner light. McMichael practices literature in much the same way, and he has added to that light.

After the remoteness of McMichael one might find a certain relief in reading an aria for the imprisoned and unconfessing Watergate burglar, G. Gordon Liddy. This is George Starbuck in the "(Epilogue: Chateau d'If)" section of "The Passion of G. Gordon Giddy":

> Loth? You bet. And I'm getting a
> damn sight lother.
> The Beard sang like a bird. So what's
> it got her?
> . . . Listen, you Rotarian Rehobother,
> This game *plays*. Can I say it any
> soother?
> For kicks, clout. Both, or I wouldn't
> bother.
> The rich get rich. The mammoth're
> getting mammother.
> Name of the game. Behemother and
> behemother.
> Last man into the pool's an America-
> 10th-er.

Starbuck is the most established poet in this series, and *Desperate Measures* is not his vatic statement. Rather it is a compendium of exercises in form and rhyme, and while these light-verse compositions are for the most part games, they are hardly child's play.

Starbuck's mastery of the tricks of his trade takes your breath away. He fools around with poetic forms few readers could resist; some of his double dactyls jump off the page:

> *Said*
>
> William O. Douglas to
> Felix M. Frankfurter,
> 'Unconstitutional!
> Those are not cunts.
>
> Those are an essay in
> Cinematography.
> Celluloid psalms. Disim-
> Pound them at once!'

There is a qualification to the fooling here to which the "Desperate" of the title refers. Starbuck is writing light, clever stuff not entirely by choice but for lack of anything weightier to say. He states his case in the sometimes wistful "Toulomne":

> I do, Lord, oh I do wait for a call.
> But also, I enjoy my avocations.
> I scribble side-notes to the fall of
> nations.
> I play with spacings, and with in-
> dentations.

One hopes that "desperate" is an exaggeration. In fact, Starbuck seems to find more pleasure in what he is doing than pain in what he is not, and well he might; his *Desperate Measures* is delightful.

Ann Deagon's *There Is No Balm in Birmingham* tells feminist horror stories and leaves it at that; she does not endow them with any poetic specialness. Perhaps the idea is that if one truly believes in the cause, then one believes that the horror stories suffice, but meanwhile the poetry suffers. The case can be made that women have and have always had a tough time, but Deagon keeps asserting bare facts as though, bare, they constitute poetry.

The book begins with three poems called collectively "A Gynecology." Woman's experience is their subject, and each one tells its story with a matter-of-factness more tedious than powerful, despite occasional good lines. The word gynecology itself is a kind of banner, and like all banners, if it does not stir up the appropriate response it will seem particularly empty, because it has presumed to proclaim so much.

In/Direction by Alvin Greenberg consists of one long poem broken up into five sections. It charts, mainly in geographical terms, an emotional and intellectual journey. Although some real places are named, the external and internal geographies are more archetypal than specific: they are the itineraries of everyman—and no man. Greenberg fully, often brilliantly, exploits the possibilities of language suggested by his metaphor of travel, and in his dreamlike journey he has created some spooky locales:

> north where the traffic is stalled at
> frozen intersections,
> where we return from the airport
> to check the kitchen lights
> and are abandoned by the last depart-
> ing plane . . . where we'd live:
>
> the tourists exude a tropic from be-
> hind their frosted windows,
> a place to walk in the evening with
> cigar and expired passport,
> to explore the erotic statuary dis-
> creetly arranged among the palms.

Finally, though, Greenberg's work suffers from his intellectual indirection. The arctic landscapes and tropical gardens are like stopovers on a tourist cruise; they have no meaning beyond themselves. *In/Direction* flounders on a journey which lacks a destination.

These Godine Chapbooks are a heartening phenomenon to anyone who wonders what might be happening to poetry. Sampling these six ways of looking at the world, one senses the dedication it takes to be a poet, and one is grateful.

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You knew the old *Post*?

Sure, I knew all the big ones. *McClure's.* Always muck, muck, muck, *Liberty.* Nice fellow, *Liberty.* "This article will take you 3 minutes, 45 seconds to read," he'd say, and we'd both laugh.

How about the newer magazines? Do you know them?

Oh sure. I remember *Politicks.* Poor fellow, died young. And *Viva*—never could make up his/her mind. Then there was *New Times*—he's gone too. Had a weak heart—took up *Running.* One thing I can't stand is this new trend to celebrity journalism—all those personality articles.

What's the matter, don't you like people?

No, I don't like *People.*

Some of those old magazines have been revived—*Life*, *Look*, even *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Yeah, they went to Switzerland and had those operations. They're nice—cute, but not the same.

To what do you attribute your long life?

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One thing I've learned is, never trust a politician who says he'll never lie to you.

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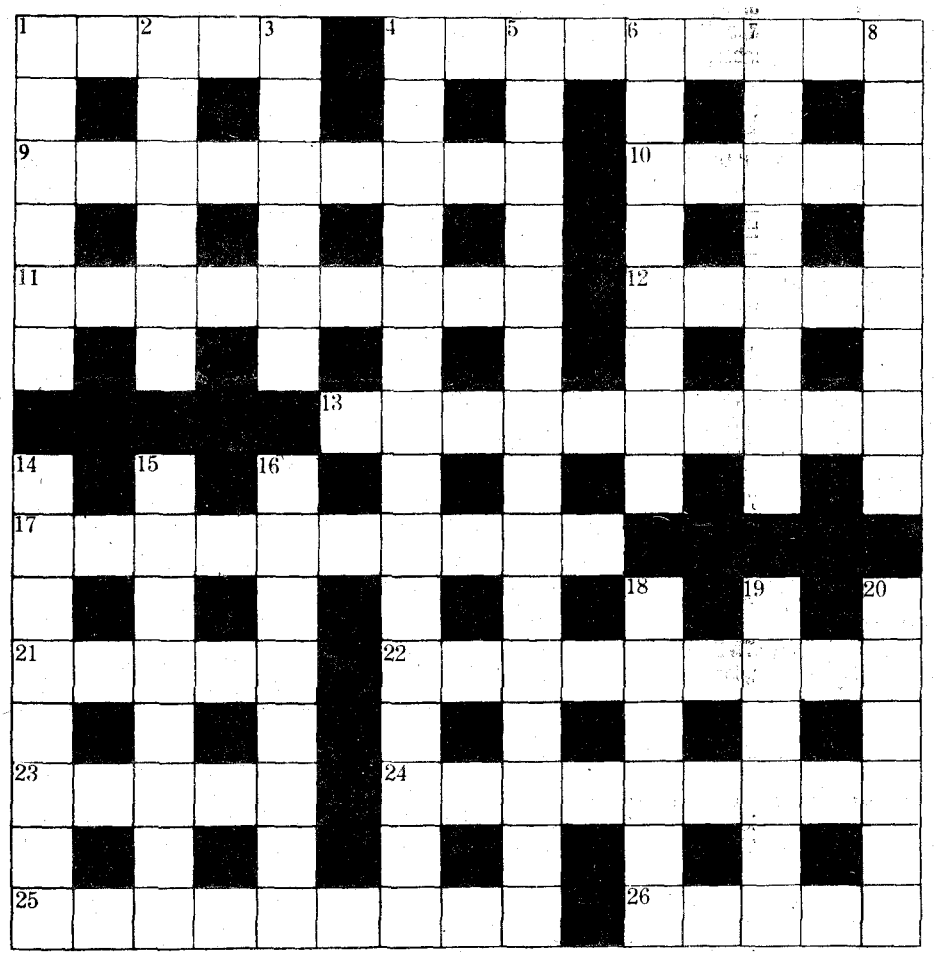

ACROSS

1 See 14 down
4 To be wed of this is just ducky, characteristically! (3-6)
9 Going over the lines again? They might be steps in return. (9)
10 There's at least a calorie in the meals mother makes. (5)
11 It might hold things up, but it's perfectly harmless with machine writing, almost. (6-3)
12 The press and television give the first person help in return. (5)
13 Variations of the short clear type? (10)
17 Ready to help out on one's feet and on hand. (8,2)
21 Wander all over the mountains. (5)
22 With the capital of Napoleon, according to Orwell, refusing to yield. (3-6)
23 One 17 could hardly be a public relations person. (5)
24 A strain of giant mice? One doesn't understand such things! (9)
25 A word of warning before getting a smack—that's just a sample! (9)
26 Set periods of time for words and such. (5)

DOWN

1 A reasonably good score with his sort of district in Louisiana. (6)
2 The enchantment is gone if you are—this is one way to delay things. (3,3)
3 Severely criticizes a star, so it seems. (6)
4 One who gives punishment to turtles—little ones? (15)
5 Start the dance with this old favorite. (5,3,7)
6 Stop it! I'm confused, one hopes, for the best! (8)
7 The stink a wife of Justinian created. (8)
8 Is it very bad, or in stronger terms, downright talented? (8)
14 and 1 across Treaty-designation at start of WW-1. (1,5,2,5)
15 A bad target for some, even with a broadside. (4,4)
16 Head bashed in when on a tear—with part of the following. (8)
18 Leave, in a sense, what a woman might have told her hair-dresser at one time. (6)
19 Broken tie-rod, possibly connected with steering columns on 1 across. (6)
20 What 19 does about a number of orders. (6)

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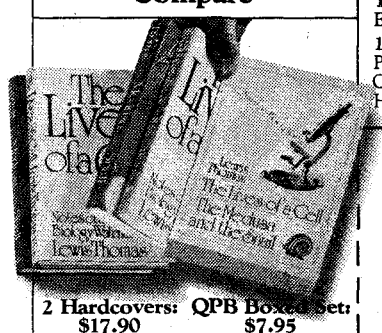

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